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THE ART TREASURES OF AMERICA.

It does not seem to be commonly realized that America—that is, the United States—is on the way to become the Louvre of the nations. From year to year its public galleries have been enriched with masterpieces of all the modern schools; and by purchase, bequest, or gift, many valuable and some great pictures by the older Italian, Flemish, and Spanish masters have been added to the already imposing store of national art wealth. In New York pre-eminently, but also in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and in other large cities, from New Orleans in the south to Chicago in the north, and from Baltimore in the east to San Francisco in the west, there is now so numerous, and, in the main, so distinguished a congregation of pictures of all schools and periods that the day is not only at hand, but has arrived, when the native student of art no longer needs to go abroad in order to learn the tidal reach and high-water mark in this or that nation's achievement, in this or that school's accomplishment, in this or that individual painter's work. In time, and probably before long, the great desideratum will be attained: the atmosphere wherein the creative imagination is sustained and nourished. At present the most brilliant American painters must follow the trade-flag of art, and that banner flaunts nowhere steadily but in Paris and London. There are now in America more training-schools, more opportunities for in-

struction, more chances for the individual young painter to arrive at self-knowledge than were enjoyed of old by the eager youths of Flanders, of France, of Spain, even of Italy. But the essential is still wanting, without which all these advantages are merely as stars among the branches. There is no atmosphere of art in America at large. Of course, I speak broadly; and it must be remembered that exceptions emphasize rather than discount this conclusion. In many of the *ateliers* in New York and Boston there is a quick and informing spirit; every here and there a nimble and delectable "air of art" prevails, a fortunate but purely local and intransmissible spiritual environment for a few; and there are men like Mr. Lafarge, like Mr. St. Gaudens, like Mr. Macmonnies, who achieve their ends worthily in Washington or New York, without influence from or heed or thought of London or Paris—men who must be persuasive to the artistic instincts and patriotic aspirations of many among the younger generation. But, broadly speaking, there is no atmosphere of art in America. A short time ago, in the course of conversation, I spoke to this effect in a thriving New England city. My companion was an influential citizen, who, like the esthetically minded evangelical grocer in Mr. Le Gallienne's latest book, "wished to make art hum" in his particular town. He was amazed at my generalization, and added, still bewilderingly: "But

look here, now, our art gallery is not only one of the best in the States, after New York and Boston, but there isn't a small shopkeeper in the place but is proud and pleased to come and look at the pictures. As for Saturday afternoons . . . you should see the "young idea" trooping in with the teachers and school-marms! Just you see for yourself, and you'll say no more about there being no atmosphere of art in this country, leastways in this particular town."

It lies thus: in the great majority of towns throughout the States there is no art atmosphere at all; in a few there are conditions which do not actively militate against, which occasionally, and as it were half-unconsciously and half-reluctantly, permit the development of such an atmosphere. For the spirit of art is a shy Ariel, and it loves little those haunts of men where even the business and social interests are purely parochial—and the parochialism of the smaller cities and towns of the States has to be experienced in order to be realized. But every few years the radical influences at work are transmuting these conditions, and though neither Boston, nor Washington, nor even New York are yet art centres in any way comparable to London, or Paris, or Munich, the time is not far distant when the inevitable must happen. It is well to remember that one of the greatest of modern English artists was born and spent his boyhood in the Birmingham of sixty years or so ago, and that the Birmingham of the thirties was in every respect more parochial, more unrelievedly dismal, more devoid of any mental atmosphere save that of commercialism and a sad religiosity, than is Pittsburg or any other as dismal or more dismal American manufacturing centre. If that unpromising Birmingham gave us Edward Burne-Jones, the most poetic and individual of the later Victorians, the so infinitely better-circumstanced towns of

the States may well be the nurseries of young genius less sorely handicapped. It is men, not environments, which constitute the chief developing influences; and young Burne-Jones's friend and fellow-undergraduate, William Morris, and his accepted master, Rossetti, had far more to do with his career than the many disadvantages and possible advantages of Birmingham.

In actual respect of art treasures the great cities of the States are already beyond our own provincial cities and towns, among which only Liverpool and Glasgow stand out pre-eminent; though now Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and many others are ambitious of a like distinction.

There are the obvious reasons of widely dispersed wealth, of enterprise, of individual, local and national pride, and, of course, of mere speculation, to account for the continual immigration into the States of works of art of exceptional interest and value. It is, for one thing, recognized that Mr. Jonathan Dives need not keep race-horses if he does not care for racing, nor a yacht if he does not care for yachting, nor even a "place in the country" if he prefers urban life; but he must own pictures. It is almost the paramount sign of culture, and culture in America is largely identified with ample means. Mr. Dives readily enough falls in with this general persuasion, for he knows that if he delivers himself over to wise guidance, and buys with discretion, he makes a good investment against the hazards of fortune, and in any case does not stand to lose. In Europe, pictures purchased by private individuals are generally lost to the public; in America they commonly change ownership with periodic frequency, and soon or late are loaned or bequeathed to civic or national collections.

For many years it has been the ambition of picture collectors in the States

to add to the private and national treasures of French art. There is justification for the remark of a precocious, or perhaps, only convinced, boy, who in reply to a question from his examiner replied that Barbizon was somewhere between New York and Boston. Jules Dupré, Cazin, Benjamin Constant, Carolus Duran, are better known by the banks of the Hudson than by the banks of the Thames. Even a decorative artist like Puvis de Chavannes has an American public. But of late the public taste has become more eclectic. It selects where and what it will. Some of the best German and Italian, many of the best British, contemporary pictures also find their way to Transatlantic collections. The chief agents in London, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Rome, are on the alert to gratify wealthy American clients, for even "old masters" are allured by the spell of the *carte-blanche*.

New York, naturally, has become the art metropolis of the States. Already the art wealth of this great city is almost incalculable. Boston comes next, then Washington. But notwithstanding the general idea to the contrary, the finest private collections are not in New York. The famous Lorillard-Wolfe, Marquand, Jay Gould, and other once private collections are now wholly or in part public, and are to be seen at the magnificent galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Certainly, as regards modern French art (with some good examples of Spanish and a few of English art), it is unquestionable that there is no private collection in New York, or Boston, or Washington to compare for a moment with that of Mr. W. T. Walters at Baltimore. Of all the "homes of art" to be seen in America, Mr. Walters's is pre-eminently "the House Beautiful."

It is, however, to the great public exhibitions only that most visitors turn, and, so far as British visitors to

the States are concerned, to those at New York and Boston. Whatever else the art lover visiting America sees, he would not dream of missing the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the magnificent galleries of the Boston Public Library, where the finest mural painting oversea is to be found. To the ordinary tourist, the "National Gallery" of the United States is the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park, New York. Let me, therefore, give some idea of what may be seen at this great institution, and at other public galleries in New York, before specifying what is to be found elsewhere.

But first, about a mysterious legend which is accepted as gospel throughout the States.

There is one picture in America which, for convenience sake, may be designated "Fata Morgana." It is frequently alluded to, and always in a tone of reverent admiration. When one is in New York one hears of it as in Boston; when one is in Boston, one hears of it as either in New York or Philadelphia; if the quest be pursued in these cities, the picture is said to be located in Baltimore, and so forth. What is this mysterious work, which would appear to be considered as the chief treasure of art in America? It is a wholly imaginary Raphael. I found the most rooted conviction in all so-called "art circles" that America is the happy possessor not only of a Raphael, but of a superbly fine example of that master; and, as already indicated, the picture is not only alluded to with pride, but with an admiration that is akin to awe. It is unfortunate that the picture does not exist, except in the fervent Transatlantic imagination. In a word, there is no Raphael in America. Strangely enough, there are very few forgeries even, the one or two canvases with any approach to the manner of the great Italian master being so obviously imitative that no one with any

adequate knowledge of his work could possibly be deceived. It is, however, a pleasant fiction, and enables patriotic Americans in Europe to enlarge upon the superb masterpiece oversea.

Within the last ten years the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has become one of the most interesting of all national art collections. This is in large measure due to the splendid bequests by which it has been enriched, and notably by the collections of the celebrated American connoisseur, Mr. Henry Marquand, and of Miss Catherine Lorillard-Wolfe. Since the completion of the north wing, about three years ago, the galleries themselves must be accounted as among the finest buildings of the kind. Some idea of the value of the bequests may be gained from the fact that in one year were presented to the national trustees the whole collection of Miss Wolfe; the splendid bequest of Mr. Marquand, including fifty-two oil-paintings by old masters and pictures of the English school; twenty valuable examples of the modern Dutch and American schools from the collection of Mr. George I. Seney; the famous "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur, presented by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt; and the not less famous "Friedland, 1807," by Meissonier, the gift of Judge Henry Hilton, who also presented Detaille's fine "Defence of Champigny." It is a pity in some respects that the conditions of these bequests prohibit a systematic arrangement of the pictures, for both the Marquand and Wolfe collections have to be kept isolated. This is really the chief drawback to all the art collections in America. Bequests of the utmost value in themselves are frequently marred in the giving by stipulations which, while excellent for the preservation of the memory of the donor, are apt to interfere materially with the educative influence which the pictures, properly classified and ar-

anged, might be expected to exercise. Another drawback, alas! not confined to American collections, is that of false attributions, complacently allowed by the authorities. Of course it is easy to see in what a difficult position the trustees of museums and picture-galleries are placed when they have to accept pictures, bequeathed or loaned, which are specifically stated as being by masters obviously innocent of the misdeemeanor. From an educative point of view it is deplorable to have such numbers of pictures attributed to great names, pictures which, to say the least of it, are open to grave suspicion, and in any case are inferior. Again and again, in going through the loan sections of the great galleries, one is reminded of that "superb early Titian" which, during the process of being cleaned, revealed beneath its ancientness a fine portrait of George the Third of England. It would be well if some powers of discretion were vested in the trustees of national collections.

Besides the valuable collections in the Metropolitan Museum bequeathed by Mr. Marquand and Miss Lorillard-Wolfe, there is the small but fine loan collection of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. This consists of twenty-seven pictures in all. Among these the most interesting early work is the portrait of Madame Cardon, by Rembrandt, a painting displaying remarkable insight and grip of character, as well as a rich and vivid coloring. With this exception, and that of a fine example of Sir Thomas Lawrence's large canvas depictions of importance are modern. Sir Thomas Lawrence's large canvas depicts the four grandchildren of John Julius Angerstein. It is a matter of interest that this Mr. Angerstein was the able connoisseur whose private collection, obtained by government purchase early in the present century, was the nucleus of our own national collection. George the Fourth is said to have

been the first to suggest the propriety of purchasing the Angerstein collection, which consisted of thirty-eight pictures; and a grant of Parliament of 60,000*l.*, proposed by government, was voted on the second of April, 1824, to defray the outlay of purchase and the expenses incidental to the preservation and public exhibition of the collection. The initial exhibition, the immediate forerunner of our National Gallery, was opened to the public in the house of Mr. Angerstein, in Pall Mall, on the tenth of May, 1824. This example of the art of Sir Thomas Lawrence at the Metropolitan Museum in New York is an extremely pleasing one, with all the grace and distinction of that artist at his best, and with the vivid strength in handling which characterized his work after his election to the Royal Academy. Even more interesting in itself, however, is the admirable portrait by the same artist of the famous English tragedian, John Philip Kemble. Here Sir Thomas Lawrence had a sitter after his own heart; and certainly he has well interpreted for us the actor who was not only so celebrated in his own profession, but was also known as one of the most refined and cultured minds of his day. It is interesting to turn from the "Kemble" to the portrait of another famous actor—for close by hangs Gainsborough's portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—and to note that these two fine portraits belong to one who is himself in the front rank of American actors, and is at the same time a painter of high repute; for Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who is the loaner of this collection, is also the distinguished American actor and only less distinguished painter of American landscape.

Among the modern paintings in the Jefferson collection are several examples of the modern Dutch and French schools. I have seen nowhere a more beautiful example of the art of Daubigny than the lovely "Dieppe."

Here the painter, with, it must be admitted, the transforming vision of the poet, has depicted the little French sea town from the landward side of the harbor. The painting is beautiful, luminous, and has all that wonderful freshness and accuracy of color which give to Daubigny's work so much distinction. One other picture here ranks with the "Dieppe" in beauty—Corot's "Ville D'Avray," one of the most delicate and exquisitely detailed pictures which ever came from the brush of the prince of nature-interpreters. Another noteworthy picture in the section is a canvas by Thomas Couture. Every lover of modern French art knows Couture's celebrated "Romans of the Decadence" in the Louvre, painted just exactly fifty years ago, masterly alike in composition, drawing and color. There are not, however, many pictures by Couture, out of France, at any rate, which show him in his more distinctly imaginative mood. Indeed, even in France he is known practically only as the history and genre painter, as the brilliant pupil of Gros and of Paul Delaroche. But in "The Spring," one of Mr. Jefferson's pictures, he reveals himself in a new, striking, and poetic manner. The scene depicted is that of an almost nude man stooping to drink at a spring on a wild and gloomy hillside luridly lit by the setting sun. In composition, in color, in atmosphere, this small canvas is one of the gems of the national art collection of New York. Two very fine examples of modern Dutch domestic art bear the names of Josef Israels and Albert Neuhuys: that of Israels being the fine picture, which I remember having seen in the Salon, called "The Madonna of the Cottage"—a peasant woman washing the baby on her lap. Neuhuys's picture portrays a mother and babe also, though here there is no straining after any arbitrary symbolism. One of the best of Van Marcke's pictures is here—"Cattle

with Landscape," vivid, and full of that wet shimmer of Northern spring which characterizes so much of his work, with its fresh sunlight and almost over-emphasized brilliancies of atmospheric changes. Mr. Jefferson was equally fortunate in securing one of the most beautiful examples of the fine, if austere, art of Anton Mauve. "The Departure of the Flock," a vision of a shepherd leading his sheep across a great silvery brown upland, is one of the triumphs of that modern Dutch school of which the late Anton Mauve is, perhaps, the most notable exemplar. The Jefferson loan collection not inaptly ends with a fine "Ideal Landscape" from the brush of Mr. Jefferson himself. Here we have the work of one who is as poetic an interpreter of Nature as George Inness, the chief of American landscapists.

The other rooms of the Eastern Gallery (Nos. 5, 6 and 7) are of particular interest. Severally they comprise the loan collection of the late Mr. Jay Gould (loaned by Miss Helen Gould), the bequeathed collection of Mr. Henry Marquand, and the pictures presented by Mr. George Hearn, with others of great value presented to or purchased by the trustees. The few pictures of the late Jay Gould are among those which have most to do with the development of the art students in New York, for they represent admirably the varied aspects of contemporary French art. The collection begins with the small but exceedingly fine "Cattle in Pasture," by Rosa Bonheur, a little picture full of atmosphere and the exquisite suffusion of afternoon light, and not less beautiful because it is one of the least mannered works of the famous French artist. Next it hangs a vivid painting, "Cavaliers at Lunch," by the brilliant but unequal Ferdinand Roybet. Among the next score of canvases special mention should be made of a fine landscape by Jules Dupré; of

an excellent Shakespearean subject (Bassanio choosing the leaden casket) by Cabanel; and a striking little forest scene on wood by Diaz. The remaining space of this room is mainly devoted to the work of American painters, though it has one large and popular foreign work in the canvas of the Bohemian artist, Vacslav Brozik. Many will remember the great success in Paris of his two best-known pictures: "The Embassy of the King of Bohemia and Hungary at the Court of Charles the Seventh of France" (Salon of 1873; now in the Berlin Museum), and "The Condemnation of John Huss by the Council of Constance" (Paris, 1883), which was purchased by national subscription for the Prague Museum. Strangely enough, most of the smaller pictures of this eminent pupil of Pilotry and Munkacsy are in American private collections. That by which he is represented here was presented a few years ago by Mr. Morris Jesup. It represents Christopher Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella at the moment when the contract between Ferdinand and Columbus is about to be signed, Isabella having offered her jewels to defray the expenses of the expedition, because of the exhaustion of the Spanish treasury on account of the Moorish wars. But, despite this Bohemian masterpiece and excellent examples of the art of Grolleron, Charles Jacques, and other foreign painters, the best work here is by Americans. Foremost comes the great work of George Inness, "Peace and Plenty." This, perhaps his masterpiece, is a huge landscape irradiated with a Claude-like glow, and both in its distinctive merits and characteristic defects exemplifies the art of the most eminent, if singularly erratic and unequal, of American painters. Much finer, however, is the less-known or less-talked-about "Autumn Gold," by the same painter, than which Turner

himself never painted anything richer in sunset glow, or made foreground leaves more aflame with living light. Among several fine pictures, I must content myself with mention only of an admirable painting of the Spanish Peaks in South Colorado, by Mr. Samuel Colman, whom one might take to be an American pupil of Giovanni Costa; and a very lovely Nature study by the young Pennsylvanian painter, William Anderson Coffin, called "The Rain." Mr. Coffin was a pupil of Rosa Bonheur, and gained the bronze medal at the Paris Exposition in 1889. At the Society of American Artists in 1891 the Webb Prize for landscape was awarded to him for this very picture, "The Rain," one of the loveliest pictorial studies of the grey and green effects of clearing rain which I have ever seen.

It is an abrupt change to enter the Marquand Gallery. Even within the limits of a single room no effort has been made to attain any systematic arrangement. Thus Hogarth rubs shoulders with Moroni, Vandyck with Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt with Gainsborough, Lucas Van Leyden with Old Crome, and Constable with Vandyck, on the one side; Valasquez and Massaccio on the other. Perhaps the gem of the Marquand collection is "The Deposition from the Cross," by Jan Van Eyck. This small panel picture is in the very finest manner of the great Flemish master. If, as is commonly supposed, it was painted as a predella for an altar-picture of much larger size, it is interesting as an almost unique instance of an early Flemish predella panel. If, again, as probabilities indicate, Van Eyck so intended it, he wholly departed from the custom of his country, and followed the Italian and Spanish disposition in regard to altarpieces. Everything points to the fact that this beautiful little work was the third predella for the celebrated picture

of "The Triumph of the Christian Church," now in the Madrid gallery. The Madrid picture consists of the main central panel only, and nothing certain is known of the other two of the three predella panels, of which this in the Marquand collection is supposed to be the third. What is authentic in its history indicates that it was obtained, in 1887, from the collection of the Hamborough family at Steep Hill Castle, Ventnor, Isle of Wight; but further back than 1830 all is supposition. The perfection of Van Eyck's technique is as obvious in this small panel as in the masterpiece in Madrid. The scene represented is that of the body of the Saviour, extended on a shroud or winding-sheet held at the end by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. In the centre the fainting Virgin is upheld by St. John, whilst on the left Mary Magdalene is seen advancing. The shape and dimensions of the panel (13¾ by 10 inches) leave little doubt that it was originally painted as one of the series of predella subjects. Another fine Van Eyck here is "The Virgin and Child," the Virgin, dressed in a long scarlet robe, standing in a niche of richly sculptured Gothic architecture, and looking tenderly down at the Child, whom she holds against her breast. This is the panel which was in the King of Holland sale in 1850; was exhibited at Manchester in 1857, and at the Royal Academy some time in the seventies, till its transference from Mr. Beresford Hope to America. It is the work described in Waagen's "Art Treasures," iv. 190. Besides these two fine examples of Van Eyck, the Marquand collection boasts several canvases by Frans Hals. One or two of these are of doubtful authenticity, however, though there is little question as to "The Wife of Frans Hals;" the charming and refined "Portrait of a Man," which came from the collection of the late Earl of Bucking-

hamshire; and "The Smoker," a young peasant, negligently dressed in a brown jacket, with disordered hair, and smoking a long clay pipe, with two women in the background laughing, and one of them resting her hand upon the man's shoulder. Some readers will remember the third, as it was exhibited by Mr. Wilberforce at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of 1887. Near it hangs the very beautiful "Music Lesson" of Gabriel Metsu, from the Perkins collection; and not far from it a clever but not absolutely authentic "Portrait of a Gentleman" by Gerard Terburg, which is too vaguely spoken of as purchased in London in 1883. Mr. Marquand was proud of his several examples of Velasquez, and with justice. Those in his collection begin with the fine portrait of Queen Mariana of Austria, the second wife of Philip the Fourth. A similar portrait of this fantastic example of court beauty is in the Belvidere Gallery in Vienna. The present canvas was formerly in the Duncan collection, and was purchased by Mr. Marquand through Mr. Martin Colnaghi. Velasquez's fine portrait of himself, a small half-length bust of twenty-one to twenty-seven inches, is that which early in the present century passed into the possession of the then Marquis of Lansdowne indirectly from one of the royal palaces of Spain. The American catalogue has the following extraordinary entry: "Purchased from the Prince of Peace." We do not know the collection, but suspect that the often-heard-of Raphael must be sought for there. From the same collection (the catalogue says "from the Gallery of the Prince of Peace") is a portrait of Olivarez, also from the Marquis of Lansdowne collection. The fine boy portrait of Baltasar Carlos (eldest son of Philip the Fourth), a very fine work, is the picture formerly in the possession of the Earl of Desborough. After his Velasquez pictures, Mr. Mar-

quand was proudest of his canvases by Rubens and Rembrandt. There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the beautiful "Susanna and the Elders," although there is no record of the earlier history of this picture, nor any of its having been engraved or reproduced. On the other hand, it is obviously not only by Rubens himself, but belongs to his finest period. Here, as often elsewhere, his model was Helen Fourment, whom he married in 1630, and who died in 1640; so that presumably this particular painting is to be relegated to one of these ten years. More obviously a portrait-study is the "Portrait of a Man"—the same picture as that which, a few years ago, was in the possession of Lord Methuen, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition in 1877. There is an account of it in "The English Connoisseur," London, 1766, I. 336. The large "Pyramus and Thisbe," a dramatic and resplendent composition, while not absolutely convincingly by Rubens, is possibly the actual handiwork of the great Flemish master. It was purchased from a private collection near Venice. Personally, I am inclined to the view that it is the work of the Rubens studio rather than of Rubens himself. Of the small landscape pictures by Rembrandt, few galleries contain anything finer than "The Mills," which Mr. Marquand looked upon with justice as one of his treasures-trove. This very beautiful little work has an inscription upon the back of the picture, which may or may not be authentic, to the effect that the old red mill in the foreground was that in which Rembrandt was born. "The Mills" is a sombre landscape of a warm brownish tone, overlaid by dark grey clouds, heavy with rain, which are reflected in the waters of the canal and hang over the distant landscape, shadowing almost to obscurity the long line of mills that border the canal. The

old red mill, which stands in the foreground, with its tiled roof, massive walls, the arched gateway, the moving figures, the quay, and the boats which drift upon the waters of the canal, dwell, like Rembrandt himself, in a perpetual golden glow. In its own kind as fine is a slightly larger but still small canvas, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," a picture similar, except in certain minor differences, to that of the National Gallery in London. Between these two hangs a powerful portrait of a man with long black hair falling on both sides of his wide, flat, linen collar; purchased from the Marquis of Lansdowne in 1883, and painted, according to Dr. Bode, about 1640. There are, however, no portraits in the Marquand collection to surpass in interest the two splendid examples respectively of Hans Holbein and Leonardo da Vinci. The superb portrait of Archbishop Cranmer bears the date of 1539 in the left-hand corner of the picture, which came to Mr. Marquand from the collection of Mr. Jesse, of Ruthin, North Wales. The famous archbishop is represented wearing a long forked beard, and is clad in a black furred gown, with a black cap on his head. He stands upright behind a table covered with green cloth, on which are placed an hour-glass, a book, and a sheet of paper whereon is inscribed in finely formed characters the Latin version of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians. The companion work of Leonardo affords an interesting contrast, and yet a more interesting similarity. In both instances each great painter has striven his utmost to represent truly and beautifully the sitter as seen through the pictorial imagination. The lovely little panel of Leonardo depicts the half-length, full-faced portrait of a young patrician, with a wreath of foliage around her head and holding in her hand a salver of fruit. She has long, flowing, golden hair, and is attired in

a rich dress of Italian fifteenth-century fashion. In all probability this admirable and unique little work should be referred to Leonardo's early period; that is, before he went to Milan. At one time this Leonardo was one of the treasures at Boyle Farm, Thames Ditton, at first in the ownership of Lord de Ros, and afterwards of Lord St. Leonards. It is not with any of these works, however, that the Marquand collection opens, but with the well-known picture by Hogarth, formerly in the collection of C. H. Hawkins (and engraved in 1786 by M. Knight), of "Miss Rich Building a House of Cards." This is followed by a fine example of Pieter de Molyn the Elder. His "Landscape with Cottage" is painted with all the truth, the warm and forcible coloring and atmospheric transparency of this artist's best work. Fairly good examples of S. Van Hoogstraaten and G. Tiepolo follow, but are both dwarfed by the fine Moroni, a half-length portrait of a man holding in his left hand an open letter. It is a conventional, but, within its limits, admirable, painting by a conventional, but at his best most able and brilliant painter. The fine panel-portrait of a middle-aged lady by Vandyck is that which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875; but this is surpassed by the very much finer portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, purchased in 1886 from Lord Methuen, and familiar to many in the fine mezzotint by Earlom and the line engraving by Houbraken. Next to the Susanna of Rubens already alluded to hangs, perhaps, the noblest example of Ruysdael in America. Entitled simply "Landscape," it depicts a pool, surrounded by a rocky margin, from which the water has found a channel through which it passes away to the left. In the centre, on the bank of the pool, are two men driving sheep; on the right and left are groups of trees, and

above, a bright sky with fleecy clouds. Mr. Marquand obtained this canvas from Mr. M. Sedelmayer in 1886. Among the English pictures in the Marquand collection stand out pre-eminent Constable's famous "Lock on the Stour" and "The Valley Farm." The former is the picture which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1824, and sold on the first day of exhibition for 157l. 10s. It was purchased by Mr. Marquand from Alfred Lucas, brother of the engraver who reproduced it. Still more beautiful is the large and noble canvas entitled "The Valley Farm," which, by the way, was also painted on the banks of the Stour near Flatford Mill. This particular canvas is claimed to be the original picture, and that in the National Gallery in London is affirmed to be a copy; but it is not explained what authority there is for this assertion. Certainly the fact remains that "The Valley Farm" in the Marquand collection is one of the finest Constables in existence. Gainsborough's lovely picture of "A Girl with a Cat" is here too, looking more beautiful than I remembered it in London some ten years or more ago. It was purchased from the executors of Sir Francis Bolton in 1887. The cat in this picture is one of the most wonderful pieces of animal painting which Gainsborough ever achieved. Also from the collection of the late Sir Francis Bolton comes the same painter's fine "Landscape," a large canvas 74½ by 55½ inches. There is but one Turner among the Marquand pictures: that of "Saltash." It is that which affords a view of the river Tamar in the foreground, with a barge at a dock on the left, with groups of men, women, sailors and horses. It was painted about 1813, and purchased in 1851 by John Miller of Liverpool for 300 guineas. A letter from Mr. Ruskin, dated the 22d of November, 1852, says: "I once bid up to 300l. for it,

but it went higher, and I had no more to give." "Saltash" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885, and was purchased by Mr. Marquand in 1886. The chief other English picture is a luminous and very lovely example of the marine painting of Bonington. It is a characteristic sea-coast with figures, and is that which in 1888 was in the Sedelmayer collection. Besides the pictures already mentioned, there are in the Marquand collection interesting examples of some of the minor Dutch and Flemish painters; a very fine example of Lucas Van Leyden, "Christ Presented to the People"—presumably the original of the picture in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, and familiar to collectors from the old engraving of it by Lucas Van Leyden himself in 1510; of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Old Crome ("Hautbois Common," Sedelmayer collection), Johannes Ver Meer (Van der Meer van Delft), David Teniers, Albert Cuyp, Teniers the Younger, Zurbaran, and Pierre Prud'hon. The last-named is represented by the "Assumption of the Virgin," which is especially interesting as being the original sketch for the picture in the Louvre, with variations. The subject was often repeated by the artist, one of the repetitions being in the famous collection of Sir Richard Wallace, which is now, happily, in the possession of the nation. That which is in the Marquand collection was formerly in the cabinet of W. M. Hunt, the artist.

The most important canvas of the small collection presented to the museum by Mr. George A. Hearn is a very fine example of the art of Richard Wilson. Entitled "The Storm," it is rather larger than most of the landscape studies of the famous father of English landscape painting. It shows great knowledge under that curiously austere handling which characterizes the painting of this eminent master. There is a good example of one of the

less-known English painters, James Stark—whose masterpiece, "The Valley of the Yare," is in the National Gallery—called "Willows by the Water-courses," fine enough to justify his name as "the riverside painter." "The Midday Meal" is adequately representative of George Morland; and the same may be said concerning J. S. Cotman with his "Coast Scene"; Hogarth with "The Shepherdess"; Sir Joshua Reynolds with his interesting portrait of the Duke of Cumberland, second son of King George the Second, and commander-in-chief at the battles of Fontenoy and Culloden; Sir Henry Raeburn with his portrait of William Forsyth; and John Hoppner with his "Portrait of a Lady" (better known as "The Lady with the Coral Necklace"). In the same room, but not belonging to the Hearn collection, are some fine examples of English art, beginning with a really excellent portrait of the Duke of York by Sir William Beechey. Side by side with it is a fairly good example of the painting of Pieter Van der Faes (better known as Sir Peter Lely), though his faults of cold and conventional coloring and his superficial mannerisms are certainly conspicuous. Of the three or four Reynoldses, the most important is the large canvas depicting "The Hon. Henry Fane and his Guardians, Inigo Jones and Charles Blair." This picture was purchased some ten or more years ago by Mr. Junius S. Morgan, of London, from the Earl of Westmoreland, and was by him presented to the Metropolitan Museum. It had been in the gallery of the Earls of Westmoreland, at Apsthorpe, in Northumberland, since it was painted about 1774; the young Henry Fane, who is the central figure of the group, having been the second son of the eighth Earl of Westmoreland, and the same who afterwards succeeded to the title at the age of fifteen. This well-known picture is reproduced in the third

volume of the published engravings of works by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I believe there are two or three places where the "original" of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Thomas Campbell, the poet, is to be seen. Possibly that in the Eastern Gallery at the Metropolitan Museum is the actual original; personally, I am inclined to doubt if the painting is by Sir Thomas Lawrence at all. If so, it has neither that richness of coloring nor that insight into essential characteristics which distinguishes the best work of that artist. Next it hangs one of the loveliest of Turner's pictures—the beautiful "Conway Castle," a view of the walled town at the base of the hill, with a rainbow drifting over the water to the right. This is probably one of the finest examples of the art of Turner, in his most controlled period, which is to be found in America. A little-known English portrait-painter, though of great merit, has a most interesting portrait of General Ireton. The painter in question is Robert Walker, who flourished at the time of the commonwealth. In manner he closely resembles his master, Vandyck, and became known as Cromwell's portrait-painter. His best paintings are in English galleries, and comprise admirable likenesses of the Protector, Sir Thomas Browne, Admiral Blake and other notables. The General Ireton here represented is, of course, the famous Parliamentarian general, who married Cromwell's daughter Bridget, commanded the left wing at the battle of Naseby, and crowned his military career by the taking of Limerick, where he died of the pestilence in 1651. This picture came to America from the collection of the late Jacob H. Lazarus. Half a dozen canvases farther on the visitor comes upon a most lovely little Italian landscape of Richard Wilson. Like so many of the works by this artist, it bears no definite title, but

seems to me to be a view of the Lake of Albano seen from the high ground of Castel Gandolfo. Equally vaguely named is a large and fine English landscape by Gainsborough, which appears to have been painted in Wales. This picture and the Wilson, along with Lawrence's "Lady Ellenborough," Morland's "Weary Wayfarers," the portraits by Beechey, Constable and Reynolds, also an admirable example of the art of John Phillip—"Gossip at the Well"—and a most beautiful and marvellously detailed picture called "The

The Nineteenth Century.

Old Oak," by John Crome, surpassed by nothing produced by the so-called pre-Raphaelite School, are all loaned from the private collection of Mr. George A. Hearn. The most interesting among the works of the several modern French, Dutch and other Continental painters which are to be found in this section of the Eastern Gallery is an exceedingly able study by Goya, afterwards used for one of his etchings in the series of "Caprichos" (No. 60).

William Sharp.

(To be continued.)

ON THE INTERPRETATION OF EMILY BRONTË.

Though Haworth Parsonage was not like Somersby Rectory in Tennyson's youth, "a nest of singing birds," it produced among its five versifiers one gifted singer. As if Nature would show how much she could accomplish with a single stock, the family which afforded material for some of the most fascinating biographies in the English language, and gave us some of the best novels, produced also a remarkable poet. Emily Brontë's right to the title is stamped upon all her work, and perhaps even more clearly upon her romance than upon her verse. For "Wuthering Heights," if we have regard to its essential qualities rather than its accidental form, is not a novel, but a tragedy. Emily's place is not with Scott and Thackeray, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë, but with the poets; her prose drama links her with Shakespeare, as her affinities in her verse are with Coleridge and Blake. Until this is clearly perceived much criticism of "Wuthering Heights" will be misdirected. In literature, as in science, comparison is only fruitful when the

subject is placed in its right genus and class.

My concern in this paper, however, is chiefly with the poems of Emily Brontë, which even now have not attained to a full measure of appreciation. The little book in which they appeared, it is well known, fell still-born from the press. And when, later, the Brontë novels attracted attention to them anew, the critics, from Lockhart downwards, were, as Charlotte bitterly complained "blind as bats, insensate as stones" to Emily's merits. The lapse of half a century has brought about a certain quickening of this critical insensibility. Her swansong, the pantheistic hymn she wrote as she stood on the threshold of the grave, now finds a place in every anthology of English verse, and lovers of literature are aware that several others of her poems are remarkable. But the impression still remains that the bulk of her verse possesses little merit.

This inadequate estimate is due to a variety of causes. It is accounted for in part by the inclusion of one or two

pieces, probably written very early in life, which really are of small value. The average reader, who finds most of the poems a little difficult to understand, sees the defects of these at a glance, and passes judgment accordingly. A more patient examination, however, would have shown how small the amount of dross really is. Once we have been at the pains to grasp their meaning there are few of the poems of Emily Brontë we should care to part with.

Another cause of the undervaluing of Emily's verse is to be found in the careless rhymes and faulty construction by which they are often disfigured. Sometimes these are obviously due to the printer's carelessness; but also it would seem that Emily Brontë, like the Brownings, affected to despise ornamental capitals and gilt edges, valuing rather weighty thought than elegant expression. Had she lived she probably would have learnt to value more highly the technique of her art. And in any case it would be a mistake to suppose she could not be mistress of sound as well as sense when she chose. A few of her lyrics are even exquisitely musical; some have the spontaneousness and inevitableness of an Elizabethan snatch, others the child-like grace and charm of Blake at his best. Let any one with an ear for the melody of words read "Hope was but a timid friend," or "The linnet's in the rocky dells" (correcting the obvious misprints of the first verse), or "The Lady to her Guitar," and he will not doubt that the gift of musical expression was a part of this poet's original equipment.

But the main obstacle to the wider recognition of Emily Brontë's poetical gifts is the prevailing notion that much of her work is hopelessly obscure. Those who grant her some of Blake's charm charge her also with much of his mad inconsequence. Even so sympathetic a critic as Miss Mary F. Rob-

inson supports this notion: she speaks of the "incoherence" of the poems, likens them to scenes in a dream "rapidly succeeding each other without logical connection," speaks of their "uncertain outline bathed in a vague golden mist of imagination," and seems to think that many of them contain no meaning whatever: we may admire the vivid color, but they are blotches of paint, not pictures! Can any one who has appreciated the masterly power of "Wuthering Heights" suppose that when its author turns to verse she becomes an intellectual sloven and incapable of logical expression? I believe, on the contrary, that, putting aside the few stanzas which are immature, there is not one of Emily's poems in which she has not some definite thought or thoughts to express, or in which she fails to utter them with precision. The obscurity vanishes once we are able to place ourselves in the position the poet occupied when she wrote them. Charlotte printed explanatory headings to one or two of the poems which were published after her sister's death. One of these runs:—

The genius of a solitary region seems to address his wandering and wayward votary, and to recall within his influence the proud mind which rebelled at times even against what it most loved.

Without these words the poem would have been as "obscure," as "incoherent," as any which bears Emily's name; but, with them, all becomes clear, and we read the verses with singular interest. I believe it would be possible to prefix similar elucidations to all the poems; and if it be asked how the clues may be found which will guide us to their meaning, I reply, by the very simple process of considering the circumstances and environment of Emily's life.

There is a superstition that Emily

was independent of environment, that all her powers were self-evolved, and were unmodifiable by circumstance. This is not true of Emily, because it is not true of any author. On lately visiting Haworth I turned into a little dissenting burial-yard containing a few score graves. The first tombstone my eye fell on was inscribed with the name of Murgatroyd, and, glancing round, the names Earnshaw, Barraclough, Moore, Malone—all to be found in the Brontë novels—were met with in rapid succession—a proof that in small things as in great we are acted upon irresistibly by our surroundings. As nature can change sand into opals and clay into sapphires, and can transmute ordure into the fragrance and loveliness of the rose, so imagination can vivify and transfigure the commonplace experiences of which ordinary existence is made up, and bathe them in "the light that never was on land or sea;" but nevertheless the dictum holds true of the creative forces of nature and of imagination alike—*ex nihilo nihil*. Therefore, however wonderful was the magic wand which Emily's imagination wielded, her character and surroundings cannot but afford some clue to the nature of her thoughts and creations.

It is true that in a sense we know little of Emily Brontë; but this is because externally there was little to know. The world for her was comprised in Haworth Vicarage and the moors beyond it; humankind was represented by her own family circle. Charlotte tells us in the preface to "Wuthering Heights" that Emily hardly spoke to a soul in her father's parish, and during her short sojourn at the Brussels *pensionnat* she remained equally aloof. That her life was thus limited was not, perhaps, a matter to be deplored. Confined within such narrow walls, the stream of her imagination wore itself a deep channel. Had

her experience been more varied that stream would have been wider, but also shallower and more like other streams: it would have reflected more things in heaven and earth, but there would have been none of those dark fathomless pools which have such a fascination for us. Nor does the narrowness of Emily's life make it more difficult to use it as a guide to the interpretation of her work. A career full of change and incident would have been too complex for our purpose; but here the clues are so few that it is easy to follow them out. The influences which shaped her work are easily catalogued. There was the intense attachment to her home and people, which made even a short separation positive agony; there was the tragedy of her only brother's moral ruin; the passionate love of nature; the shyness of character and loneliness of life which intensified the pleasures of imagination and caused her to brood deeply over the problems of existence. To one or other of these influences almost all her poems may be traced.

Her intense love of home finds expression in the first three of her posthumous poems, which Charlotte tells us were all written in her sixteenth year, when, for a few brief months, she was an exile at school. The vividness with which she paints the beloved moorland around Haworth is very remarkable. Four lines suffice to focus the whole scene:—

The mute bird sitting on the stone,
The dank moss dripping from the wall,
The thorn-trees gaunt, the walks o'er-grown,
I love them—how I love them all!

Touches equally felicitous are to be found in all three poems—vignettes of nature such as none but a poet could have written depicting the moors in spring, autumn and winter; but these are but foils to the keen pain at separa-

tion from home which these poems express. It is only, of course, in these juvenile verses that this passionate attachment to home finds direct expression; but it must have colored all her feeling, and so have subtly affected all her work.

We may say, too, of the *tragedy of her brother's fall* that its effect is not limited to those poems which directly deal with it. It partly accounts for her occasional pessimism, and for the undertone of sadness which may be detected in most of her writings. But two poems at least refer to Branwell in every line. One, "The Wanderer from the Fold," is a lament, after his death, over that misspent life, written with great simplicity and feeling. The opening verses give the keynote to the whole:—

How few of all the hearts that loved
Are grieving for thee now;
And why should mine to-night be moved
With such a sense of woe?

Too often thus, when left alone,
Where none my thoughts can see,
Comes back a word, a passing tone
From thy strange history.

Sometimes I seem to see thee rise,
A glorious child again;
All virtues beaming from thine eyes
That ever honored men.

And so she goes on to depict his life as a voyage in which the traveller trusted "in pleasure's careless guiding"—a voyage begun in sunshine and gladness and ended in shipwreck amid gathering mists. The concluding verses are pathetic and characteristic:—

An anxious gazer from the shore,
I marked the whitening wave,
And wept above thy fate the more
Because—I could not save.

It recks not now, when all is over:
But yet my heart will be
A mourner still, though friend and lover
Have both forgotten thee.

The other poem—which is well known—was written before Branwell's death, though she speaks as if the subject of it were already in the grave. It was undoubtedly called forth by the spectacle of his vices. She records the varying moods—first sorrow and then moral disgust—which his conduct inspired in her; and then follow the lines so often quoted:—

But these were thoughts that vanished
too,
Unwise, unholy and untrue:
Do I despise the timid deer
Because his limbs are fleet with fear?
Or would I mock the wolf's death-howl
Because his form is gaunt and foul?
Or hear with joy the leveret cry
Because it cannot bravely die?
No! Then above his memory
Let Pity's heart as tender be;
Say, "Earth, lie lightly on that breast,
And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit
rest!"

These words were written, be it remembered, before the doctrine of heredity had been preached and accepted—in 1846 they would be banned as merely dangerous. But the truth which Emily here discloses by a flash of intuition is now blessed by science and religion alike—the truth that character is largely conditioned by circumstance and inheritance, and that a man is to be judged "according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not."

A third influence in Emily's life was her intense *love of nature*. How much of her inspiration came from earth and sky, how dearly she loved to ponder—

All Nature's million mysteries,
The fearful and the fair,

is well known. In the power of conjuring up some scene of exquisite beauty in two or three lines, to which I have already alluded, she was, perhaps, surpassed by no other poet but Coleridge. Take this as an example:—

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting,
Sung to peace the twilight breeze,
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen and glade and silent trees.

The comfort she derived from Nature's companionship is beautifully expressed in a poem entitled "Sympathy," in which she reminds herself that despair is impossible so long as the beloved objects of the natural world surround her:—

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
Winds sigh as you are sighing,
And winter sheds its grief in snow
Where autumn's leaves are lying:
Yet these revive, and from their fate
Your fate cannot be parted;
Then journey on, if not elate,
Still, *never* broken-hearted!"

Nature, indeed, shared with Imagination the empire of Emily's heart, but still it held an inferior dominion, and it need not be alluded to further here except so far as it serves to illustrate the master-influence of Emily's powerful mind.

The master-influence to which I allude was the *irresistible craving to exercise the creative faculty* with which she was so richly endowed. Imagination was to Emily all, and more than all, that Nature was to Wordsworth. It was something quite distinct from the pleasure which comes from communing with the natural world, and, indeed, as we shall see, often conflicted with it. It was the power of retiring into the recesses of her own mind, and there projecting creations as intensely real as those we find in "Wuthering Heights." When we realize the influence of this power over Emily's life we have the key to much that is otherwise obscure in her work.

Imagination was in Emily's conception a real being—a spirit to be invoked with circumspection, and sometimes to be laid with difficulty. The poem entitled "The Visionary" describes how this mysterious visitor comes into the

house at dead of night, silent, viewless, invulnerable:—

What I love shall come like visitant of
air,
Safe in secret power from lurking
human snare;
What loves me no word of mine shall
e'er betray,
Though for faith unstained my life
must forfeit pay.

Burn then, little lamp; glimmer straight
and clear—
Hush! a rushing wing stirs, methinks,
the air;
He for whom I wait thus ever comes to
me:
Strange Power! I trust thy might;
trust thou my constancy.

Several other poems deal with the advent of this mysterious power. Emily's familiar spirit, however, was not allowed to come and go at will; it was kept under firm discipline. To Emily was entrusted the supervision of the household affairs, and she was far too rigidly conscientious to allow anything to interfere with her practical duties. Her life exemplified the truth that "the spirits of the prophets are subject unto the prophets." In the fragment called "The Prisoner"—an allegorical poem which hitherto seems to have been little understood—Imagination is represented as chained and imprisoned: the "Master" by whose orders she is thus treated is Emily herself, and the "jailer" is the embodiment of her own powerful will. When the Master visits the dungeon and taunts the prisoner with her impotence the mild captive answers that no bolts, or iron, or forged steel are strong enough to hold her. On this the jailer retorts that she will vainly seek to turn the Master from his purpose:—

My Master's voice is low, his aspect
bland and kind,
But hard as hardest flint the soul that
lurks behind;

And I am rough and rude, yet not
more rough to see
Than is the hidden ghost that has its
home in me.¹

But Imagination relates—in lines of
wonderful power—how a mysterious
spirit nightly comes to visit her, and
that then all the miseries of her posi-
tion are at an end. It would seem
from these lines that when this
strange power left her Emily experi-
enced sensations so vivid as almost to
resemble physical agony.

He comes with western winds, with
evening's wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that
brings the thickest stars.
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a
tender fire,
And visions rise and change that kill
me with desire.

But first a hush of peace—a soundless
calm descends;
The struggle of distress and fierce im-
patience ends;
Mute music soothes my breast—unut-
tered harmony,
That I could never dream till earth was
lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen
its truth reveals;
My outward sense is gone, my inward
essence feels;
Its wings are almost free—its home, its
harbor found,
Measuring the gulph, it stoops and
dares the final bound.

Oh! dreadful is the check—intense the
agony—
When the ear begins to hear and the
eye begins to see;
When the pulse begins to throb, the
brain to think again,
The soul to feel the flesh and the flesh
to feel the chain.

Besides the poems dealing with the
advent of this mysterious power there
are others in which Imagination and

Nature are rivals for the singer's
thoughts: for example in the verses al-
ready alluded to as having an explana-
tory heading by Charlotte, the Genius
of Nature expostulates with the
dreamer:—

Thy mind is ever moving
In regions dark to thee;
Recall its useless roving,
Come back and dwell with me,

and appeals to the intense love of na-
ture which he knows possesses her:—

Few hearts to mortals given
On earth so wildly pine;
Yet few would ask a heaven
More like this earth than thine.

And sometimes this appeal is not in
vain. In one of her finest efforts Em-
ily records her determination to leave
the strainful ecstasies of creative
thought for the more soothing pleas-
ures of communion with her beloved
moors:—

To-day I will not seek the shadowy
region;
Its unsustaining vastness waxes
drear;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely
near.

I'll walk where my own nature would
be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens
are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the
mountain-side.

What have these lonely mountains
worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can
tell:
The earth that wakes *one* human heart
to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of
Heaven and Hell.

It is not often, however, that the en-
counter ends thus. In "The Night
Wind," for instance, all Nature's bland-
ishments are in vain:—

¹ Compare Charlotte's description of Emily:
"Her will was not very flexible . . . her spirit
altogether unbending."—Preface to "Wuthering
Heights."

I said, "Go, gentle Singer,
Thy wooing voice is kind,
But do not think its music
Has power to reach my mind.

Play with the scented flower,
The young tree's supple bough,
And leave my human feelings
In their own course to flow."

So, too, in "A Day Dream," where the different objects on the moor upbraid her with being the only thing there out of harmony with the surroundings: having no defence to urge, she takes refuge with Nature's rival:—

So resting on a heathy bank,
I took my heart to me;
And we together sadly sank
Into a reverie.

Dear to her as were the wild moors and the changeful sky; the strange visionary power she possessed was dearer still.

It will have been gathered from the above passages that Emily's creative faculty was most active at night. All the many invocations to Imagination are uttered when darkness is approaching or is regnant. Take as an example the opening verses of "How clear she shines":—

How clear she shines! How quietly
I lie beneath her guardian light;
While heaven and earth are whispering
me
"To-morrow, wake, but dream to-
night."

Yes, Fancy, come, my fairy love!
These throbbing temples softly kiss;
And bend my lonely couch above,
And bring me rest, and bring me bliss.

It would seem, indeed, that the daylight was at times positively hateful to her, as interrupting the activity of her imagination. Thus, in the original and characteristic verses entitled "Stars":—

Thought followed thought, star fol-
lowed star,
Through boundless regions on;
While one sweet influence, near and
far,
Thrilled through and proved us one!

Why did the morning dawn to break
So great, so pure a spell,
And scorch with fire the tranquil
cheek
Where your cool radiance fell?

Blood-red he rose, and, arrow-straight,
His fierce beams struck my brow;
The soul of Nature sprang elate,
But *mine* sank sad and low!

She closed her eyes, but the sun blazed
through their lids; she buried her head
in the pillow, but

. . . the pillow glowed
And glowed both roof and floor;
The birds sang loudly in the wood
And fresh winds shook the door.

And so the poem concludes:—

Oh stars, and dreams, and gentle night,
Oh, night and stars, return!
And hide me from the hostile light
That does not warm, but burn;

That drains the blood of suffering men,
Drinks tears, instead of dew;
Let me sleep through his blinding
reign,
And only wake with you!

It was in the silence and solitude of night that Emily found her inspiration, and night's eeriness and mystery are in all she wrote.

That this lonely soul found a wondrous solace in the exercise of her powerful imagination; that it created for her worlds as real and more beautiful than any the senses can reveal, she tells us again and again. Poem after poem is devoted to the praises of Imagination. In "Plead for Me" she bids this "radiant angel" explain to "Reason with the scornful brow" why is it that she shuns the common paths, and does not value the prizes which charm other mortals. It is because she has given all her worship to an "ever-present phantom thing" that is at once her king, her comrade, and her slave:—

A slave, because I rule thee still;
Incline thee to my changeful will,

And make thy influence good or ill:
A comrade, for by day and night
Thou art my infinite delight,—
My darling pain that wounds and
sears,
And wrings a blessing out from tears
By deadening me to earthly cares:
And yet a King, though Prudence well
Have taught thy subject to rebel.

And so she holds herself justified in her
unworldliness:—

And am I wrong to worship where
Faith cannot doubt nor hope despair,
Since my own soul can grant my
prayer?
Speak, God of Visions, plead for me,
And tell why I have chosen thee!"

How safe was the refuge she found in
her own solitary thoughts she has pro-
claimed in her stanzas "To Imagination":—

So hopeless is the world without,
The world within I doubly prize;
The world where guile, and hate, and
doubt,
And cold suspicion never rise;
Where thou, and I, and liberty
Have undisputed sovereignty.

What matters it that all around
Danger and guilt and darkness lie,
If but within our bosom's bound
We hold a bright, untroubled sky,
Warm with ten thousand mingled rays
Of suns that know no winter days?

For thou art ever there, to bring
The hovering vision back, and
breathe
New glories o'er the blighted spring,
And call a lovelier life from Death,
And whisper, with a voice divine,
Of real worlds as bright as thine.

What imagination can do for a life is
again her theme in "The Two Chil-
dren"—a poem which I suppose, is usu-
ally reckoned among the "obscure." In
the first part she depicts some neg-
lected waif, such as she must often
have seen in the slums of Haworth and
Keighley—a "sunless human rose."

She addresses him in the language of
pessimism:—

Blossom—that the west-wind
Has never wooed to blow,
Scentless are thy petals,
Thy dew is cold as snow.

Soul—where kindred kindness
No early promise woke,
Barren is thy beauty
As weed upon a rock.

Wither—soul and blossom!
You both were vainly given;
Earth reserves no blessing
For the unblest of heaven!

Then suddenly the metre changes: at
the closing in of night another child
appears—a child with "sun-bright hair
and sea-blue, sea-deep eyes"—who
comes to share the waif's sadness and
impart to him some of his own sunny
joy. This second child typifies, of
course, Imagination. Emily knew how
much it had done to irradiate her own
life, outwardly so lonely and so sad,
and it solaced her compassionate heart
to believe that its benignant power
might be felt in lives even darker than
her own.

If I have dwelt at somewhat wearis-
some length upon the dominance of
this influence in Emily Brontë's life, it
is because its significance has, I think,
hitherto escaped recognition. Not only
does it serve as a clue to the meaning
of her poems, but it reminds us what
was the secret of her greatness. It is
the possession of an imagination of the
purest and rarest kind which consti-
tutes Emily a writer of greater genius
than Charlotte. The characters in
Charlotte's novels are reproductions;
they speak and act in her pages as they
spoke and acted in her presence in real
life. But Emily's was an imagination
that transmuted or transfigured the
material upon which it was exercised.
Into the image ready-formed of clay
Charlotte could breathe the breath of
life; but her sister could accomplish the

greater wonder—from an Adam's rib she could make, not another Adam, but Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve.

If the poet is one who "is of imagination all compact," few deserve the name better than Emily Brontë.

The remaining characteristic which has left its mark upon her work was that *habit of pondering deeply the mysteries of human existence* into which she was driven by the loneliness of her lot. Emerson has told us that the poet is not only one who is in closest sympathy with Nature, not only

Lover of all things alive,
Wonderer at all he meets:

he is

Wonderer chiefly at himself—

one to whom the mystery of human life and human destiny has a supreme fascination. Emily Brontë answers closely to this description. In the slender sheaf of poems she has left behind her there is sufficient evidence that she brooded intently over "the painful riddle of the earth." No doubt she never arrived at any dogmatic belief, and the views expressed in her poems are not always reconcilable with one another. But this much at least we may gather from her maturest and most personal utterances—that her speculations are the outcome of her own reflections, and that authority had no weight with her in matters of faith. She appears to have relinquished all belief in personal immortality. Death to her is always a deep sleep from which there is no awakening; her message to the dead is ever:—

Sleep on: Heaven laughs above,
Earth never misses thee.

Death is the one thing which is irretrievable. In one of her most exqu-

itely expressed poems she tells us that the Tree of Life can recover from all other injuries:—

Sorrow passed and plucked the golden blossom,
Guilt stripped off the foliage in its pride,
But within its parent's kindly bosom
Flowed for ever Life's restoring tide.

Spring's return brings back all its vanished beauty; but when the stroke of cruel Death falls:—

Time's withered branch dividing
From the fresh root of Eternity,

then, indeed, it will "never blossom more." In another poem she says of the sea of death:—

I hear its billows roar,
I see them foaming high.
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blessed my straining eye.

Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond.

And yet death had little terror for her. Conceiving of Nature as a living thing, she loved to think of the body as returning to that from which it sprung, and becoming

An universal influence
From its own influence free;
A principle of life—intense—
Lost to mortality.

And as for the spiritual part of her, that, she believed, would be absorbed into the Being from whom it had emanated; it solaced her to think that death would at least not mean subtraction from the sum of life. This, it appears to me, is the meaning of that wonderful poem in which she recited to the Eternal her last confession of faith:—

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

These being her views of the ultimate destiny of human personality, her attitude to the religious world around her was naturally reserved; we can well understand her eager approval of one who in her presence refused to state her religious opinions; we are not surprised that she herself was never heard to talk upon religious subjects. Notwithstanding her outward conformity we may surmise that the consolations and pleasures which others found in religious exercises she sought in the play of imagination.² Secretly she was a little impatient of the controversies which went on around her. In the poem entitled "My Comforter," for instance, she blames herself in no measured terms because she had for a time forsaken her visions and allowed herself to be entangled in the maze of religious perplexity.—

Was I not vexed in these gloomy ways
To walk alone so long?
Around me wretches uttering praise,
Or howling o'er their hopeless days,
And each with Frenzy's tongue;—

A brotherhood of misery,
Their smiles as sad as sighs;
Whose madness daily maddened me,
Distorting into agony
The bliss before my eyes!

So stood I, in Heaven's glorious sun,
And in the glare of Hell;
My spirit drank a mingled tone
Of seraph's song and demon's moan;
What my soul bore, my soul alone
Within itself may tell!

It must not be supposed, however, that Emily was always thus scornful of the religion which those dear to her professed. She was fully aware of what she had lost by her inability to accept the common hope, and in one remarkable poem—"The Philosopher"—she tells us how different existence would have been to her had she had faith—such faith, for example, as

changed Anne's death into a triumph. Even Miss Mary F. Robinson seems to have given up "The Philosopher" as a poem hopeless of interpretation, but the obscurity seems to me entirely due to carelessness in placing the inverted commas. The speakers in these verses are two—the "Seer," who stands for religious insight, and the "Philosopher," the inquiring intellect which has probed the beliefs of others and found them wanting—in fact, Emily herself. To the Seer belong the first and fourth stanzas, to the Philosopher the second, third, and fifth, and when thus read the poem becomes perfectly lucid. The Seer chides the student for his profitless dreaming, and asks what is the end of all his musings. The Philosopher replies that he longs for the time when he shall "sleep without identity," for three gods are ever warring within his frame, and peace will never come till their struggles are stilled in death. The only doubtful point in the poem is, what are these three conflicting forces in the soul? Probably, judging from the last verse, they are power, will and aspiration; but, in any case, the general sense is clear. The poem concludes with the Seer's prophecy of an immortality which shall consist of the perfect harmony of these three forces, and the Philosopher's mournful confession of his inability to accept this comforting belief. It is needless to add, perhaps, that the "spirit" in the first of the stanzas quoted is Faith, and the "inky sea," Death:—

[The Seer]

"I saw a spirit standing, man,
Where thou dost stand, an hour ago,
And round his feet three rivers ran
Of equal depth and equal flow—
A golden stream, and one like blood,
And one like sapphire seemed to be;
But when they joined their triple flood
It tumbled in an inky sea.
The spirit sent his dazzling gaze
Down through the ocean's gloomy
night;

² See, e.g. "How clear she shines!

Then, kindling all, with sudden blaze,
The glad deep sparkled wide and
bright—
White as the sun, far, far more fair
Than its divided sources were."

[*The Philosopher*]

"And ever for that spirit, seer,
I've watched and sought my life-time
long;
Sought him in heaven, hell, earth, and
air,

An endless search, and always wrong.
Had I but seen his glorious eye
Once light the clouds that wilder me,
I ne'er had raised this coward cry
To cease to think, and cease to be;
I ne'er had called oblivion blest,
Nor, stretching eager hands to death,
Implored to change for senseless rest
This sentient soul, this living breath,—
Oh, let me die—that power and will
Their cruel strife may close;
And conquered good and conquering ill
Be lost in one repose!"

Truly, in her creed, as in everything
else, Emily Brontë was a being apart.

It is hoped that the endeavor here
made to interpret these fascinating but
enigmatical poems by means of the
traits of their author's character and
the circumstances of her life may help
in some slight degree to a better appre-
ciation of them. But, as I have al-
ready said, Emily Brontë's rank as a
poet is to be measured, not by her
verse, but by her single romance.
The quantity, as well as the qual-
ity of work must needs be taken into
account in estimating the genius of a
writer, and it may seem that a begin-
ner's first volume forms a slender founda-
tion for a claim to high rank. But if
we only look to the *quality* of the
imagination displayed in "Wuthering
Heights"—its power, its intensity, its
absolute originality—it is scarcely too
much to say of Emily that she might
have been Shakespeare's younger
sister. To the many, of course,
this will seem merely fantastic; but
the few who have really learnt
to appreciate "Wuthering Heights"

will see no exaggeration in the title.
Putting aside the clumsiness of the
framework—the only mark of the pre-
ntice-hand in the whole book—what is
there comparable to this romance ex-
cept the greater tragedies of Shake-
speare? The single peasant in the
story, Joseph, is of the kin of Shake-
speare's clowns, and yet is quite dis-
tinct from them. Heathcliff is one of
the most vivid creations in all litera-
ture; he fascinates the imagination,
and in some scenes almost paralyzes
us with horror, and yet that subtle
human touch is added which wrings
from us pity and almost respect. He
reminds us of Shylock and Iago—not,
indeed, by any likeness to their charac-
ters, but by the sense of wonder he
awakens in us at the power that could
create such a being. Catharine Earn-
shaw, again, and Catharine Linton—
are not these by their piquancy and
winsomeness almost worthy of a place
in Shakespeare's gallery of fair wom-
en? The whole story has something
of the pathos of "King Lear" and
much of the tragic force of "Macbeth,"
and yet both characters and story are,
perhaps, as absolutely original as any
that can be named in English litera-
ture. It is not, of course, meant that
Emily Brontë achieved anything com-
parable to Shakespeare's greatest
work; Shakespeare lived to become a
great artist, while Emily only once
tried her prentice-hand; Shakespeare
knew the world in all its phases, while
Emily passed her life in the seclusion
of a remote village; but the material
out of which the two wrought their
work, the protoplasm of their crea-
tions, so to speak, was the same. Sup-
pose Shakespeare had died, as Emily
did, after completing his first work—
"Love's Labour's Lost"—would he
have lived in men's memories at
all? Or suppose the great drama-
tist's career to have closed at the
same age as Emily's—twenty-nine;

he would then have written a group of five complete plays, many of them comparatively immature, and none of them of the first rank as showing the real supremacy of his genius. Thus considered, the claim that Emily Brontë's creative power had something of the nature of Shakespeare's will not appear extravagant to those who can justly estimate what she has accomplished in "Wuthering Heights."

The Westminster Review.

It would be profitless, perhaps, to speculate on the work which this powerful imagination might have achieved had time been granted; let us rather be grateful for the imperishable work with which she has enriched our literature, and cherish the careless preludes which show how great a poet was lost to the world when Emily Brontë died.

Angus M. Mackay.

OLD NOVELS AND NEW.

In all the novels of the past,
This or that classic friend,
Heroes and heroines find at last
Their Eden at the end;
Their luck may fail at first, yet no,
You never feel dejected,
But certain that the sorriest throw
By Art *will* be corrected.

You felt a confidence assured,
Despite her mild alarms,
That Orville soon would be allured
By Evelina's charms;
You knew Miss Austen's fertile brain
A method would discover,
By which Anne Elliot might regain
Her banished sailor lover.

But now, egad! the hero wins
The heroine half way through,
And on the following page begins
His triumph to undo;
By quick degrees their fortunes fall
To some malign conclusion,
And so eventuate after all
In positive confusion.

For either Angelina, tired
Of Edwin's faithful heart,
And by some newer passion fired,
Upsets the apple-cart;

Constance.

Or Edwin, who had seemed a saint,
 To swell the general sadness
 Develops an ancestral taint
 Of drunkenness or madness.

Or worse, in this outspoken age
 My modern novel comes,
 Exhaling from each gruesome page
 The savour of the slums;
 Where Bills and 'Arriets nag and shout,
 Or deal in matters flistic,
 And furious oaths are strewn about
 To make it realistic.

Then, since I know that life itself
 Has grimness, and to spare,
 I take "Pendennis" from the shelf
 And find my solace there;
 Or in the lists with "Ivanhoe"
 I feel my blood a-tingle,
 Or else from stage to stage I go
 With "Pickwick" and with "Jingle."

Oh, ye who sell such dismal wares,
 Let be, good sirs, let be,
 Are there not sunlit sweet parterres
 Whereof you hold the key,
 Where one may for a space perchance
 Forget this world's disorder,
 And pluck bright blossoms of romance
 From each enchanted border?

The Spectator.

CONSTANCE.*

BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).

Translated for *The Living Age* by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

CHAPTER VI.

There was seldom a day when Constance did not go into the village church, not only to pray, but to recall tender recollections. She seemed to feel her mother beside her upon the bench, where as a little child she had

sat, wearied with the length of the service of high mass, counting the pictures in the prayer book that she was permitted to hold in her hand. On this worm-eaten bench, almost concealed by wooden carvings and pillars, the mother had knelt with a devotion, an absorption, of which the daughter always remembered her as an example. A book

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bound in black morocco, worn at the corners, still marked the seat which, since Mme. Vidal's death, had been occupied by no one but Constance. When the girl sat down there, it seemed to her that she was still sheltered by her loving mother, as if that mother's care still warmed her forsaken nest. She sank into the seat with confidence, and closing her eyes, she felt that that fragile form was still beside her, as she had watched it from day to day, becoming more ethereal, until the day when it seemed to fade away into air.

The hour that Constance usually chose for silent communion with the dear absent one was the hour of dusk, when, imperceptible elsewhere, darkness began to steal into the low, dim aisles of the church, whose windows were deep-set in the stone walls. Leaning against the back of the seat in front of her, which still seemed to bear the impress of her dear mother's brow, she would invoke that beloved parent, and would call her instructions to remembrance, vowing within her heart always to conform to them.

She never spoke to any one of what to herself she called their tryst. Her father knew that she went to church a little oftener than he could have wished, but he left her to do as she pleased, with the sole stipulation that she should not bring the curé to the Priory, for he felt for him, though acknowledging him to be a worthy man, that insurmountable repugnance of the follower of Voltaire for a priest. But provided his daughter adopted no exaggerated religious practices, which he held to be quite useless, and called bigotry, and provided also that, while attending as much as she pleased to her religious duties, she did not absolutely place herself under "direction," Dr. Vidal, less intolerant than the majority of freethinkers, left her to do as she liked about such things.

It is possible that the influence of the

simple-minded old priest who took charge of the parish would have been used to moderate rather than to excite the religious fervor of Constance, by leading her young soul to turn from dreams to the realities of life, and allowing her emotions, imprisoned, as it were, in a sealed vase, to exhale a little. Forced back upon herself, the ardent piety of a young neophyte, which Constance had imbibed from her mother, and the Catholic mysticism which confused itself in her young soul with the filial devotion that seemed to her to partake of the very nature of religion, became more and more intense from day to day.

On this evening, for example, Constance Vidal had been meditating on a subject which does not often present itself to a young girl's mind. She had been thinking of the vanity of all finite things; her thoughts had a certain bitterness and sadness such as she had never known before, and due, no doubt, to some recent experience. The idea that persons who had once loved each other might love each other no longer, had been lately haunting her mind, and she held it in horror. Was it possible that a man and a woman, after having been all in all to each other once, could ever become enemies? The imagination of very young persons cannot accept, without suffering, the realities which bring disenchantment to those who have acquired experience, and which are at last endured as only what might have been foreseen.

So Constance was pondering the problem of the extinction of human love, with singular austerity, when she saw in the dim aisle of the church one of the persons who made part of her reflections. To see M. de Glynne enter the church gave her almost a shock, a shock of surprise at first, and then of joy. The man who had come into the presence of God to seek for consolation or for strength could not be irreme-

diably unhappy, and since he was a Christian, he must sooner or later abjure the sentiments of hatred and of remorse which, according to reports brought even to her, he had for a moment shown. But perhaps it was not as a Christian that he visited the church; perhaps he was merely moved by curiosity, like others who came to examine the ornamented capitals or the fantastic beasts intermingling with all the varieties of vegetation in the style anterior to the Gothic.

She sat motionless on her bench, watching M. de Glynne, who did not observe her, for she was sitting close to a pillar—and so tiny, after all, filling so little a place behind the high screen of black oak! He did not kneel, but slowly walked round the church, looking probably for the curious specimen of Roman iconography, which represents in naïve detail the first temptation. The increasing gloom under the vaulted roof made objects hard to distinguish. After standing a few minutes before the old stone sculpture he went back into the chancel and seated himself in one of the stalls. It seemed to Constance, who watched his least movement, that his air was morose and sad.

For a long time he sat there, motionless, with bowed head. Was he praying? As she asked herself this question, Constance offered up a fervent prayer, which might either join itself to his supplication, or, if he did not pray, might take its place. She prayed for this stranger of whose cares or sorrows she knew so little; she prayed too for the poor woman unknown to her, who in some way had thrown a shadow over his life, imploring Him who alone can change all hearts to inspire them, the one with mercy and forgiveness, and the other, poor lost sheep, with the needed resignation.

Twice M. de Glynne passed his hand over his brow as if to drive away some

painful recollections; then he sat with his elbow on his knee and his chin on his closed hand, thinking deeply. From the place where she sat, Constance could only see his profile, and that imperfectly, but she fancied that his face grew more composed, and she joyfully concluded that he was prolonging his stay in the church for reasons that had nothing to do with curiosity. The setting sun sent through the painted glass a ray that lighted up the bowed head, so interesting to Constance. She had that vague liking for fair hair which southern people are apt to feel. The blond types of the North seem to express originality, especially to those who have never left their own part of the world. It may be said, too, that in any land women of any race would have considered M. de Glynne distinguished and attractive, but the sympathies of Constance Vidal were awakened by what she felt to be an expression of sadness.

A look steadily fixed on us has a magnetic power, an influence to which those who have highly-strung nerves are more susceptible than others; so M. de Glynne, who had till then believed the church to be as empty as it was silent, began by degrees to feel that he was not alone. After a while he perceived indistinctly at a distance the form of a woman. Suddenly, as if he were ashamed of having come into the church, and annoyed at having indulged in dreams of things sacred and personal in the presence of a witness, he rose and disappeared down one of the side aisles, while Constance, confused at having been surprised in the very act of watching him, left the church by another aisle.

Chance willed that they should meet near the door, at the moment when Constance was dipping her fingers in the bowl of holy water. She hesitated an instant, then with a deliberate movement, offered the Parisian a few drops

from her hand. He was surprised, almost bewildered, till his glance met two great, beautiful black eyes lifted to his face with a look at once grave and kind. Then, recovering himself, he touched with a low bow the little, moistened fingers and rapidly made the sign of the cross.

This was to Constance, whose father had never made the least concession to religious practices, like a sign of spiritual fraternity. The slight smile that lighted up her face seemed to M. de Glynne so delicious that it obliterated, as if by magic, all the burden of worldly care that he had brought into the holy place, where he had not come to seek for God.

From the church entrance he watched her lovely figure hurrying lightly away, and he saw her enter the house which he knew to be the doctor's. He remembered that M. Duranton had said, "my niece," when speaking of the young lady he had seen in the Garenne. This must certainly be Mlle. Vidal. He was glad, for now he could meet her again. It was delightful to think that he might from time to time see so exquisite a face. More than once that evening he recalled her singular appeal, so modest and so mute, so different from anything he had ever read in woman's eyes. It seemed as if he still felt on his finger tips the freshness of the holy water, and the touch of the soft hand that had trembled a little. For a man of the world, as he was, the sensation was a new one, and, consequently, not to be despised.

CHAPTER VII.

But for the meeting recorded in the last chapter, M. de Glynne would probably have still postponed the call he had promised the doctor. The dread of any allusion, however indirect, to a matter that was painful to him, had hitherto withheld him from paying that

call; but the sign of the cross, made at the instance of the young girl, had had the effect of an exorcism. The very next day he called at the Priory, impelled by an impulse which, had he rendered an account of it to himself with that rigorous analysis to which he had long been accustomed, he would have scorned and repressed. But who among even the most clear-sighted of us has not the convenient faculty of becoming blind? Who can resist a foretaste of happiness, or that marvellous attraction which takes all manner of disguises, so as not to alarm at first the being who is half conscious of its charm?

Dr. Vidal's reception of his visitor showed at once that that excellent man was oblivious of everything that it might be disagreeable to his guest to have him remember. He began at once to display with minuteness the treasures of his library.

So many books, so many herbariums, so many collections of all kinds were shown to M. de Glynne that it was his own fault if he did not return home satisfied; but possibly he had entertained hopes hardly admitted by himself, for he walked homeward somewhat disappointed, not having caught sight of any woman's face but that of the curious and harsh-visaged Catinou. As he had come on foot, the doctor walked half a mile back with him, explaining that he had to see a patient in that direction; and as they went along he related the story of the sick woman, who had, he said, richly deserved the wounds, made by a pitchfork, that she had received from her husband, though, to say the truth, they had nearly caused her death.

She was a peasant woman, of ripe age, but superbly beautiful. Her name was Françoun, and to her might have been applied the description given by Jasmin, the Provençal poet, of his Françounette: "Roses could have been

gathered by the handful from her smooth, round cheeks; her teeth shamed the snow." "But she is light-minded," said the doctor, "and is married to a little whipper-snapper of a Spaniard, as jealous as she is giddy." He was the dairyman at La Brousse. He had surprised her in the company of one of the neighbors. As generally happens in such cases, the lover made off at once, though he was a head taller than the outraged husband. In his flight he did indeed receive a slight wound in the back, but his injury was nothing in comparison to those of his accomplice. The poor thing might take a long while to get over it. She had been wounded in the face, beaten, stabbed in the side, and one of her arms broken. No matter, the doctor felt sure he could bring her through. He was going, he said jokingly in his rough way, to set her up completely, to put her in condition to make more conquests.

"That would be a pretty poor piece of work," said M. de Glynne. "It would be better to let such evil beasts destroy each other."

"'Evil beasts'—humph!—poor Francoun is not so bad as that. She was faithful enough for about ten years to that wretched little atom of a man, who never ought to have dared to appropriate to himself so magnificent a creature. The hour of crisis comes to people in the country as well as to those in the city. In southern France we have quick passions and warm blood. There came a new dairyman to La Taplo, the property adjoining La Brousse. His handsome person made him not long an object of indifference to this singularly beautiful wife and mother, still in the freshness of her youth. *Que voulez?* It is a Gascon phrase. What would you? *Que voulez?* But I don't mean to defend my patient; you do not seem very merciful toward the weaknesses of her kind."

"Indeed," replied M. de Glynne, "the

Spaniard might have struck her harder without exciting my indignation. Blows must be a most satisfactory resource. Your peasants know how to right themselves far better than we can do. We have only one miserable way of dealing with such offences; we can only provoke a duel, according to all ceremonious usages, with the rival, who may be perhaps as much the dupe of a false woman as we ourselves. But, when this first correction was administered, what became of the poor devil of a husband?"

"Ha-ha! so you pity the executioner? Well, having left his wife for dead, he made his escape across country, not knowing what he did, running straight ahead and bound for nowhere, until in the midst of his blind anger and despair, he suddenly thought of his children. That brought him home again. He is in here."

The doctor stopped before the door of a little cottage by the roadside.

"Apropos," he resumed, "I had something to say to you. Another of my patients, before she left this part of the country, desired me to transmit to you a promise that apparently she thought would give you pleasure. She gives you her word that you shall never see her again."

M. de Glynne had changed color.

"Years ago," he said, "that person made the same promise for the first time, and you know how well she has kept it. Nothing that women say can be depended upon. They all lie as easily as they breathe."

"Let me make an exception in favor of a few of them," rejoined the doctor, as he stood on the threshold of the cottage he was about to enter. "Before you say any such things, remember your own mother."

"I never knew her. I tell you I have never known any but the worst specimens of womankind. Your Francoun is one of them. Is her husband going

to let her resume her interrupted love story? Or will he stand over her day and night, pitchfork in hand? The drama is not finished, it seems to me. You must tell me the end of it by and by."

"Willingly; but I can tell you the end in advance. The Spaniard will forgive her. Since he came back he has not opened his mouth, he has not even looked at my patient; that does not count. He will pardon her, for he did not kill her on the spot."

"The conclusion is, your peasants are brute beasts, incapable even of condemning as they ought," said M. de Glynne.

"Education has not yet taught them pride," replied the doctor with a shrug. "The man will pardon her for the sake of the children."

"Oh! the children——"

"Say nothing against him for that, my dear sir. I myself could do anything for the sake of my little girl."

"That any one could understand who had ever seen Mlle. Vidal," replied M. de Glynne smilingly. "You are a fortunate father."

"Yes, until some more fortunate man carries her away from me. But we have plenty of time before we need think of that," said the doctor, quite unconscious of Constance's real age, so bent was he upon thinking of her still as his "little girl." "We shall see you soon again, I hope," he added, as he entered the cottage, while M. de Glynne went on his way.

Returning to his troubled thoughts, he walked along cutting down thistles with his cane and uttering suppressed exclamations, "Forgive! To forgive her! What an absurd word! And from the bottom of the ladder to the top, all—all the same; or nearly all—for the doctor is right—there are women in existence who know not how to lie."

He remembered the pure face of Con-

stance, and the beautiful eyes, so singularly clear.

"Young girls—true young girls—angels!"

"Bah!" he cried, breaking off with a dry laugh, "sooner or later they will all become like the rest. But why did she hide herself so obstinately to-day?"

Constance had no thought of hiding. A little shy, she had stayed away, as she usually did when her father received visitors.

Twenty-four hours later, as he was again passing the cottage of La Brousse, he met her. She was coming out of the house alone, with a little basket on her arm. The angel at the home of the sinner! Struck with surprise, he stopped and bowed to her.

"It seems to me, mademoiselle," said he gayly, "that you are acting in concert with your father. It is a sick person, is it not, that you have been to see, here?"

"How did you know that?" she replied in the same tone.

"The doctor told me about that unfortunate woman."

"She is indeed very unfortunate. She is in a sad state. I have taken her what I hope will please her, a bit of nice food. Poor people get nothing to eat but such coarse things."

"You are good."

"Oh, in the country we all help each other," said Constance eagerly, as if she wished to remove all idea of almsgiving.

"I wonder that you can take any interest in such a patient."

"Why? I am interested in all who are suffering."

"Even when they deserve to suffer?"

She looked grave.

"And who does not deserve some suffering? We all have to make amends for some faults, great or small."

"Those are hard words from lips as young as yours," said M. de Glynne, and, impelled by a somewhat uncom-

inendable curiosity, he continued to walk beside her and to ask her questions. "Do you know the story of your *protégée*?"

"I know that she did a great wrong to her husband," said Constance simply.

"And you can make excuses for her! And your father does not object to your coming here?"

"My father has never prevented my doing any little good I can. As to judging or excusing people, who are we that we should do that? God in His gospel pardoned women more guilty than this one, perhaps."

She spoke without any embarrassment, in a clear, calm voice that proved she fully understood what he had meant to say. It was M. de Glynne who seemed to feel embarrassment. He had seen young girls in society who suspected no evil because they had been carefully educated to know nothing of vice; he had encountered the naïve boldness that speaks of evil before it knows it, with a horror that conceals a certain interest in such things; but candor without ignorance or prudery he had never had an idea of before, and he felt ashamed of the snares he had laid to draw out the thoughts of this virgin heart.

"You are right," he said in a low tone. "You are right, without doubt. We must have pity."

She thanked him for these words with a grateful smile; then, as he did not seem disposed to leave her, she parted from him with a friendly "*À revoir!*" and went into another cabin where she was to leave delicacies for a sick child. Her little basket, replenished every day, was not yet empty.

For some days after this meeting, M. de Glynne saw no more of Constance. He called several times at the Priory, but did not meet her, which annoyed him considerably. At last one evening he surprised her in the doctor's study, copying in a large, clear hand whole

pages of manuscript, full of corrections, which Dr. Vidal made over to her after he had covered them with his usual hieroglyphics. She stayed there this time, and ever after when he came she did not go away, though she took no part in the conversation of the two men, unless they particularly addressed her. Seated in the deep embrasure of the window, with some sewing in her hand—Constance was never unemployed—she listened with an expression of intelligence, and often with a smile or with a mute question in her large eyes as she grew more and more interested, which proved that she was well able to understand and enjoy serious discussions.

It must be observed that M. de Glynne always took pains to be eloquent and entertaining when she was present. If any one had told him that he cared for the opinion of this silent, girlish listener, he would no doubt have denied the charge with all sincerity. Nevertheless, she was to him youth, innocence and beauty all combined; perhaps, too (at least he believed that he perceived it in her looks), she was all sympathy. Such things exert an immense power over the imagination of a man, even when he has acquired a distaste for life, or even when he is old, as the hermit of the Park chose to consider himself. A few weeks later, however, he forfeited all right to the title of hermit, for cordial relations had been established between himself and the people at the Priory.

"Dr. Vidal interests me more and more," said M. de Glynne to himself as an excuse for his assiduity.

Constance, on her part, passed from the pity she had at first felt for him, to frank admiration for this new friend of her father's, whose presence brought into the house so much that was interesting and agreeable. She began to perceive that their home life before he came had been a little monotonous. Up

to that time she had thought that she only missed her mother, and that the sadness which often came over her had nothing to do with *ennui*. She almost cherished this sadness; she looked upon it as a proof that the loss of her dear mother was as much to her as it had been on the first day after her death.

But since M. de Glynne came so often to the Priory, a new existence seemed to have begun, an existence full of events. And these events, what were they? The noise of his horse's hoofs upon the road, the anticipation when this trampling was heard at about the hour at which she had reason to expect his visit, the fears that she felt if he seemed behind his time, the prospect of keeping him to dinner, the infinite pains she took to have everything, if not quite so nice as at Paris, at least not altogether unworthy of him, the pleasure she felt when he sent her a bouquet gathered in the garden of the Park, and which, thanks to the care she took of it, bloomed more than a week upon her work-table—that was all—but ah! what importance attached itself to these little things. She gave them no name, but she asked herself why friendship, so delightful between women, such friendship as she saw in the letters of her mother and of Mme. Latour-

Ambert, could not exist between a man no longer young and a mere girl. "But alas," she said, "the young girl has so little to offer—she can hardly be interesting to him!"

And then she plunged into reading, that she might acquire some claim to the esteem and attention of M. de Glynne; she wanted to read all the historical monographs that he had written, and fancied she discovered in them the stamp of genius. No, she could never dare to converse with such a man! But by way of practice she would try to make her father talk on subjects that once seemed to her too dry, but which now she courageously attempted to discuss with him. It probably was, she thought, from condescension and from a secret distrust of her understanding that their neighbor only talked to her on lesser subjects. She thought she would astonish him some day by showing him how much she knew about that sixteenth century of which he had chiefly written.

But notwithstanding this grand resolve, Constance was arrested on the slope that leads to pedantry by her extreme timidity, by a shy respect, and M. de Glynne, as he spoke to her of the roses she tended, of the creatures that she loved, of rides and walks in the country, continued, as she expressed it, to bring himself down to her level.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HABITUAL TRAMP.

Some incorrigible idealists have attempted from time to time to throw the glamor of romance over the habitual tramp, in a certain class of fiction, for instance, the conventional tramp character is a highly romantic person with the sun in his blood, gifted with

an Autolycus-like buoyancy of spirits, who goes singing along the summer lanes, despising the miserable restraints of civilization, and holding the tattered independence of the open road dearer than the rule and order of a commonplace life of settled industry.

To other more serious-minded persons he presents himself as an unfortunate workman engaged in the strenuous attempt to find employment. In this character he figures largely in the speeches and writings of a certain type of social reformer, to whom his supposed sufferings and his continual disappointments are a constant source of pathos and tearful eloquence. But, whether the colors are laid on for the portrayal of the free vagabond or the ardent work-seeker, the picture has no features in it recognizable by those who know the tramp as he is.

Whoever heard an habitual tramp sing, or even whistle? As he comes slouching down the sunny side of the road his very walk gives the lie to any romantic notion about him. He does not walk; he merely shuffles, weak-kneed and narrow-chested, expectorating freely as he goes. The wind on the heath has no call for him. He hates the country and regards the open road merely as a wearisome way from one common lodging-house or casual ward to another. As a representative of the true vagabond to whom the wind and the smell of the earth and the warmth of the sun are sheer physical delights he is the greatest fraud that ever a novelist or a cockney essayist imagined. He is nothing but an unspeakably dirty and spiritless man, prowling along with an eye to stealing or begging enough for a lodging-house carouse with other members of his tribe.

As for that other notion of him as an unemployed workman seeking occupation, it is too ludicrous to be seriously mentioned. In the course of a tolerably large experience in a rural district with high casual ward figures, I can say that over a number of years I have not met with half a dozen genuine workmen amongst the tramp population. Your regular workman does not go on tramp unless he has a definite

promise of work or a reasonable expectation of it in some definite quarter at the end of his journey; and when he has that, he can (and generally does) raise the means for making the journey without tramping. If he is out of work without any such definite distant expectation, he stays in his native place, where he is known, and the chances are much more in his favor than in a strange district. If he is young and unhampered, he may go away; but in that case he goes to London or some large centre, and certainly does not take to the road in a vagrant and aimless way. He knows quite well that employers do not take unknown men from the roads and that odd jobs—gardening and the like—are not to be picked up casually in the villages, where one invariably finds a few unattached men who do all the local odd-jobbing, and are regularly sent for by any person wanting their services for a day or so. The habitual tramp knows that too; and the notion of looking for work never occurs to him. It is clean beyond his conception of his function in the world. In nine cases out of ten he is physically unfit for it. The men whom he sees working on the other side of the hedge as he shuffles along are in another world than his. They have homes, settled desires and instincts, and a family and friendly circle in a fixed place. To call him "the dregs of the working class" is an entirely false description; for he is outside the class altogether—is a class by himself, ugly, dirty and predatory. And this class is a much larger one than many people imagine. There is scarcely a rural casual ward that does not give its bleak hospitality to scores of these men every week. Their presence in the country is the pressing problem over which every rural Board of Guardians racks its brains at each meeting. Let the conditions of casual

ward administration in any union be relaxed ever so little in the direction of comfort, and at once an increased stream of casuals sets into it. The devices by whose means every Board attempts to divert the stream from itself to its neighbor are many and ingenious. A slight difference in the quality of the food, or the extent and kind of the labor imposed, will send the tramp on a détour from one union to another. So far the most repellant devices appear to be the stone-yard and a strict enforcement of bathing. The cold bath means a comparatively empty casual ward, provided, of course, that another and preferable casual ward is within walking distance. In many counties the Boards are at last working towards some sort of uniformity of treatment, with what result experience alone will reveal to us.

How, then, do the members of this nomadic tribe manage to live at all? It would surprise most people to know upon how little a man can live who cares nothing about the dependencies of life. Most of the expenditure of even the poorest decent person is upon the amenities of life, the bare maintenance of existence being a matter of very small outlay. Dressed in other people's cast-off rags, and having no roof to keep over his head, your tramp can pick up enough for his wants by stealing and begging, and there is always the casual ward. In the winter he goes unconcernedly to prison if he is very hard put to it to manage otherwise. An experienced prison official assures me that our gaols have a regular winter population of this kind. When the cold weather sets in they deliberately plan to secure prison quarters till the spring. The prison and the common lodging-house—that dirty, squalid and verminous plague-spot in so many of our towns—are their great home centres. For such a life the need for actual money is very slight—a few

odd coppers now and again at the most.

To describe this tramp question as the despair of social reformers and poor law administrators is to use a hackneyed phrase. But it is a very true phrase, in a deeper sense than it is generally intended to carry. For, while it is no part of my purpose here to make administrative suggestions, I may at least point out that the present methods of dealing with this ragged and unpleasant army of disinherited people are only the methods of despair. Dealing with them, do I say? The sole endeavor of our local authorities is to shirk dealing with them, to pass them on to the next union, to devise methods for scaring them into avoidance of this or that particular casual ward, with a shocking violation of every humane instinct and a criminal waste of public money in the process. I believe that our guardians would try the effect of branding if they dared. That is in the direct line of their present policy, which is merely to make relief arduous and unpleasant to the receiver. Not along that line will the problem be successfully worked out. Indolent to the very marrow of his bones, dirty and depraved as the average tramp is, is there no fault, no responsibility for him, elsewhere?—nothing of all our shame in his shamefulness? Do we do nothing to breed him? Or leave nothing undone to make a decent life possible for him? Perhaps it is a great deal easier to ask such questions than to answer them; but they insist upon asserting themselves behind all our detestation, like the growlings of an uneasy conscience. For my part, I cannot regard the tramp population of shiftless wasters with feelings of aversion alone. It is difficult for an educated man to put himself in the skin of one of these and try to realize what life means to him—life narrowed in its horizons to the workhouse and the prison.

That men should be born to this (for most of them are born into it, or at best have a very little way to fall before reaching it), should have no outlook but this, and be indolently contented to have none, calls, I think, for

more than aversion. Something of shame and much of compassion—surely these, too, are imperative upon us, and hold the promise of a more effective wiping out of the evil than our present methods seem likely to accomplish.

H.

Saturday Review.

THE WHITE HEATHER.

I bribed you with a promise,
 One idle August day,
 To guide you where the heather rare
 Concealed its charmed white spray;
 And as we went together
 I dreamed, 'twixt hope and fear,
 The fairy flower would give me power
 To tell you all, my dear.

Though love had made me silent,
 Mine eyes could call you fair.
 You hummed a song the way along
 To show you did not care.
 The honey-hearted heather
 Sprang ripely far and near;
 And many a flower was red that hour,
 But none was white, my dear.

Some blooms were rudely ruddy,
 And some were palely pink,
 And some so light—nay, *almost* white—
 We had to stop to think.
 And once an alien daisy
 Made you exclaim, " 'Tis here!"
 Ah! many an hour we sought the flower
 And found it not, my dear.

I doubt my search turned careless.
 Perhaps the treasure grew
 Snow-pure and sweet before my feet
 Those times I looked at you.
 Yet, is Romance in ruins
 Because, as eve drew near,
 I found the power, without the flower,
 To tell you all, my dear?

A BIOGRAPHY.

In a "History of the Archdeaconry of Stoke-on-Trent"—one of those sober records of unexciting but eventful years whose mere covers are a protest against modern fevers—Mr. Sandford Hutchinson tells of a parish in North Staffordshire with a peal of five bells, of dates stretching from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. They all bear inscriptions, the first three being variations on the old "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*," the fourth bell being inscribed, "Given by I. L. L., in memory of his daughter, 1804," while on the last is inscribed in large letters, "Presented by Richard Henry Jones, J. P., Mayor of Lengley, to commemorate his third election as mayor, November, 1881." And here in a few lines is narrated (how much better and more truthful and even picturesque all history is when written in a few lines!) the rise and progress of that passion to be known and remembered, that disease of fame, which marks our time. Would you know the names and lives of the men who built England's cathedrals—those cathedrals which are so incomparably the finest in the world? You must search, dig, read, in museums local and national, and perchance you shall light on a bare record of these architects' births and deaths. Would you have a history of the architect who designed, the builder who built, and the local magnate who laid the foundation stone of the new little chapel, where discourses are given every Thursday evening concerning the programme of the Liberal party and the glories of the Liberator Society or its latest successor? *Circumspice*: look round the chapel. They are all writ large, for sure, on some prominent stone in the most prominent part of the building.

But who, one may ask, blames the new craze? Not I; indeed I do not write for that. There are men in whom the fear of celebrity is the great restraining influence on their creative faculty, to whom the publicity of the street is almost loathsome, who will never do their best unless they are certain that it will never be known they did it: but, heaven help me, I am not one of them. The disease of fame is on me sorely. I who have reached the age of thirty (the age at which some great work ought to be behind one, because the boat of life has now left the bay where the children play, and turned the corner into sight of the darkness and silence) without any great deeds done, crave this fame even as the others: and, like so many of them, I see that the chances of it are now small. I think that persons who have tasted for a moment a very little of it—the newspaper reviews of two novels, for instance, or the applause of a few political meetings, or an election as chairman of the county council—are more passionately desirous of that greater and more difficult continuation of it than any others. What do we all want? some one may ask. . . . They said of Zola in Paris last February that the object of his life had been to have a mile of newspaper-cuttings about himself per week; and this, I suppose, is all that my own ambition amounts to—this and a daily bulletin in the newspapers for a week before my death, and two columns in the Times when that close-coming Terror has passed by. So with a small, weakling hope that some man will say, "He has given a little bit of fleeting fame to this or that one; let us do the same for him," I mean henceforth to write biographies feverishly, and I begin

now with one which I was asked to write fifteen years ago. I will tell where and how.

It was on a hot summer night in August, 1883, and I had come to visit this victim to the disease of fame in her bedroom—an old, square, low-ceilinged room, with a broad window-seat and bars to the windows. There were two beds in the room, two tables full of childish treasures in the corners, colored pictures on the walls vivid in tint and incongruous in subject; here a print of the "Good Shepherd;" there a chromo, called "Wait for me," representing a child fastening her garters. Outside, a summer moon stooped from a clear dark sapphire sky, and showed it all. The victim herself was sitting on the window-sill in her night-gown—a little pathetic atom of humanity outlined against the far-off patient stars. I told her that she ought to be in bed, but perfunctorily, and without any intention of enforcing the edict, being in private sympathy with her cool costume and position. Then, with an arm round her (is it only by a freak of erring memory that one's arms were round some child-figure so often fifteen years ago? To-day one stretches them out, and lo! *vacua sedes et inania arcana*), we began to talk. The hour and the stars might have brought religion into our conversation, but we were a large family, and, as is, I think, common in big families, we were not inclined to sentimental religion. The saying of prayers was on a level with bathing and teeth-cleaning, a mere part of getting up and going to bed. I remember the scandalized look of an aunt who, trying to sober one of us before her prayer-time by saying, "Now, Edith, to whom are you going to say your prayers?" received, after Edith had considered for a while, the bewildering but innocent answer: "to that chair, I think." The bed, you understand, was too high for the little

lady to cross her arms and bury her head comfortably in them, and she thought that Mrs. Reynold's mind, like her own, was occupied with a search for a suitable *prie-dieu*. But we come back to the August night in 1883.

"Is it very hard to do something great, so that everybody praises you?" was the difficult question which met me; yet I knew something of its atmosphere, which was that created by Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," lately studied at a house where the inquirer had been staying. I answered (and believed then) that it was easy, if one looked out for opportunities and truly meant to use them. I had no knowledge of those cathedral architects, of "mute, inglorious Miltons," of men who got credit for others' work, or of men who, as a reward for doing something great, had their hearts broken and lives and fortunes taken away.

"And some one would write a book about you and you would be famous and remembered always by every one?" I answered yes again, yet I think that even then I had a suspicion that Plato and Alexander may claim to be remembered, but not a thousand Platos and Alexanders. I talked of the number and minuteness of histories written nowadays and told her of Simonides who, years after an accident, had identified a number of dead bodies by remembering where each person had sat at a banquet before the banquetting-hall fell in; but I recognized uneasily that I was telling her of the exceptional man's great feat of recollection. And, could even his memory call to life and clothe again with voice and feature every philosopher whom he had heard lecture, every epigram-maker with whom he had argued, every little boy, however beautiful, who had brought the disputants dates and coffee? With a child's quick instinct my companion followed the

thought which had introduced the story.

"They might forget about writing the book, even if I had done something," she said uneasily; "but"—a happy inspiration—"you might write it; and I tell you what"—another inspiration, and her voice rose till I had to interpose a warning about attendants in the neighboring nursery—"we will write one another's. Promise."

We both promised, even, if I remember right, discussed some details of the earlier chapters, while the summer stars looked down, laughing kindly at us, mocking us with their milliard years. And the same stars, looking down on a marble cross in Trentham churchyard, which records how one of the two biographies ended on October 28th, 1888, when the heroine was in her sixteenth year, reproach me for my faithlessness.

Grace Cooper was born on July 19th, 1872. She was the fifth child and third daughter of the late Mr. S. H. Cooper, of New Park, Trentham, in Staffordshire. We were a family of eight, divided into groups who saw little and thought less of one another, and I have but a vague early recollection of the small brown bundles who sat opposite to me at nursery breakfast eating bread and milk while I and my eldest sister planned the day's misdeeds. We had a delightful nurse, rapidly changing nursery-maids, kindly governesses; but, so far as I can recollect, no education, moral, intellectual or religious. We dally read and learnt by heart bits of the Bible, and a hymn out of a large oblong hymn-book with big letters, and certain prayers . . . and pieces of German recitation, and I think if we had been asked suddenly which was the most important, a majority of us would have voted for the German. We had no natural or acquired religious beliefs—even in the devil, though may-be we had a dim

feeling that life would be dull without him—and although, like a greater philosopher, we rejoiced in the triumphs of religion and morality (such as the defeat of the Armada or the execution of Robespierre) it was not without satisfaction that we woke up in the morning and reflected that the world, the flesh, and the devil still held their own and died hard. Of course we questioned no accepted doctrines, but had merely a vague belief, qualified by a little scorn, in all things extant. There are, I think, many hundreds of simple child-cynics like that. Truth, for instance, except between ourselves, even perhaps except between the members of each little coterie, seemed simply uncalled-for, and to our minds in their very earliest stage of reasoning the statement: "There is a God in heaven who sees and knows everything, so if you deny that you have been seeing the pig killed, I shall whip you," was hopelessly deficient in logic. Each of us, as he came out of infancy to child's estate, saw for himself its lack of sequence, and also the folly of that popular verse: "He who does one fault at first and lies to hide it makes it two": as applied to nursery judgments and punishments. If, as we early perceived, the lie was successful, it nullified the fault. With poetry and fairy-tales, the heroes of Scott and the Round Table and the elves of Grimm, we had no traffic. They were not put in our way and we did not seek them.

I cannot quite think how to explain that, without being in any way a prig, or dissociating herself from her companions, the little heroine of this biography did not quite subscribe to some of our doctrines. All such small people have an adytum of self which no one can quite pass; in the rough-and-tumble of family life you do not often come near it, but it is there. I know a child who, in addition to all the regulation prayers of daily life, has for

years said certain others, kneeling up in bed in the dark. At a movement of her room-companion, a footstep in the passage outside, the little lady will bury herself back in her bed-clothes like a scared white rabbit, but the prayers are always said. I know another who, struck by something which she had read in the life of the late Charles Lowder, fasted once a week, going without meat, butter, sugar, and other small matters, doing extra lessons, and taking no part in any games on that day, for a long time—a year or two, I think—without anybody in her big family noticing it. Jokes, escapades, lessons, laments, and illicit apples pass round as you sit by the school-room fire. No one, so far as you notice, tells tales, refuses to laugh, to bite at his apple, abuse his lessons, or to sympathize with the lately whipped member; but if you have a good memory, some odd looks and words in the little circle will drift back to it, suggesting some occasional lack of accord.

They come to mine. I remember one instance when, on a certain Sunday morning, we had planned some mild iniquity connected with, I think, a telescope; I forget what it was, and cannot think why we were not being taken, as usual, to church. The carriage was at the door; we stood in the hall surveying our parents' departure, when one of them turned back, with a sudden awkward movement of memory, and said: "You are not to touch that telescope while we are away." There was consternation in the party; looks flashed from one to another; disobedience, if discovered, meant that we should not come in to dessert on Sunday evening, which (though it entailed saying the collect and a hymn) was a desirable function. Lies, where five people were concerned, were risky, yet here they seemed inevitable. Then Grace came forward; perhaps she would not recognize the lies as inevi-

table, perhaps she wanted the case made clearer, for, before we could interfere, she had put the following naïve query, which brought to a summary end our hopes of play with the telescope: "Father, shall you ask if we have touched it when you come home?"

Untruthfulness or insincerity in her elders she has less comprehension of than any child I ever saw. At the conclusion of a visit to Longton Rectory, the rector (the late brilliant Adam Clarke, a great friend of hers) said good-bye and begged her to come again soon—could she come back to-morrow? The four-year-old visitor accepted gravely, and drove home to announce that she had promised to go back to Longton next day. Explanations that the invitation was only given in joke, was not meant, etc., first bewildered and then annoyed her. She was resolute that she had been particularly asked to come, and, finally, her elders, becoming really a little puzzled as to what had happened, took her over next day to Longton to inquire. I need hardly add that she was kept there.

Unkindness was to her another ill which was simply incomprehensible. She saw an ordinary amount of it among us in these nursery days, and tragedies of it, human and divine, in darker days later on; looked at it and did not believe in its existence. She just puzzled over it for a little, looked round for other motives, found them, sighed with relief, and forgot it. Among recognized methods of revenge, for instance, in our family quarrels, was the queer and very effective one of salting one another's gardens. These private gardens, by the occasional advice and aid of our mother, who was a good botanist, were unusually good juvenile gardens, and a few handfuls of garden salt destroyed some pretty results of a good deal of labor and care. Thus it was a very

severe form of retribution. Once only, so far as I can remember, we did it to the "little ones" gardens; I know not why; they had let loose or killed one of our rabbits, perhaps, or been guilty of (unintentional) tale-bearing. The small boy-brother did not mind much, but "Miss Grace," said her nurse to the rather shame-faced executants of justice, "was dreadfully upset. She did not cry, just turned very white, and stared at it as if she was puzzled. Then she shook her head and said, 'They ought not to have done that. I don't think they ought to have done that.' But at last, after thinking a bit, she suddenly looked quite relieved and said, 'Perhaps they only did it to kill the snails.'"

I went to school just before I was ten to a place called Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire, where, I believe, Mr. Arthur Balfour had "done lessons" (if he had learnt anything under Mr. Chittenden the teaching must have been very different from that of my day), where George and Guy Wyndham were just finishing their time, where two of the Cairns represented, so to speak, the government of the day; young Sir H. Lawrence, the army; Perry Wilkinson, a charming son of the then Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, represented religion; and Algar Thorold, by telling us stories about his father, kept us *au courant* with the anti-ritualist movement, which was then going on. Neither education or discipline were, I fancy, very good. My classics and mathematics at any rate, vanished completely out of my brain six months after I left, and I judge my knowledge of modern literature by a letter of those days, in which I wrote of giving to a school friend a translation of the "Iliad," by "a certain Mr. Alexander Pope." Neither was my moral education very much advanced. I remember, when in charge of a dormitory, encouraging and rather admiring a

dreadful young gentleman who tried to convert us, and held prayer-meetings in the bed-room at night. I remember being in constant petty rows for getting up late, making disorder in church, over-eating, and goodness knows what. During one of my last terms I remember the Duchess of St. Albans bringing her son up to Hoddesden, and my being asked to look after him, and immediately taking him away and instructing him how to use a certain contraband pistol, which the duchess had given to him as a last gift; and, above all, I remember the hardly-concealed thankfulness of Mr. Chittenden when an illness, which began shortly after my twelfth birthday, took me away from school, and so prevented me from being head-boy. I came home to a long era of doctors and nurses, idleness, selfishness, chloroform, crossness, and all the ills which flesh is heir to, which the legators bestow with such abundance, and of which the legatees, when rather young, and without any guiding hand to help them, mostly make such very bad use.

Two, and later three, more little persons were in the nursery now, and Grace was promoted to the school-room. Lessons, both here and at school afterwards, were a little onerous to her, perhaps were not made very interesting, but she went through them stolidly. I quoted to her once the old seventeenth-century Provost of Eton: "Give me the plodding student. If I would have wits I would go to Newgate; there be the wits:" and she seemed to like Sir Henry Savile's rather unhappy consolation. Then, with the purchase or discovery of a certain riddle-book, small, thin, and bound in green (what I would give to find that worn old book again now!) there opened a new vista of joy. To me in bed or on a morosely occupationless sofa, to her father at din-

her, to friends at tea-parties on summer afternoons (though always making sure beforehand that they were not tiresome, and even then only for a short time), she propounded riddles out of the little green book; and, indeed, though I myself loathe the things, I must allow that some of them were very good. Or was it the grave, pleased little face of the person who was asking them? . . . one evening I remember wondering, as we sat at dinner, roses and Virginia creeper lying down the table, the red light of shaded candles falling softly on some rather strained, old-young faces round it. Complaints about the cooking (we were all either gourmands or gourmets) came from various quarters; awkward pauses interspersed a conversation which was too apt to drift into quarrels.

"What was the only animal existing on the day of the creation? . . . the question filled up one of these pauses, and every one turned a willing ear, though no one professed to attempt a solution of the riddle. There was a judicious interval, and then came the answer in a slight-perplexed, doubtful voice, as of some one who was not quite sure whether it was funny, vulgar, blasphemous, or in any case likely to prove acceptable.

"A great shay-'oss"; Gracie looked doubtfully round her, awaiting approbation or disapproval.

"A great shay-'oss!" I lay back in a chair and laughed at the riddle—and its propounder—for the rest of the evening. I laugh and cry now to think of it. Indeed, to my poor brain, it is to-day the only really funny riddle in the English language. It (and she) cleared the dull, storm-charged atmosphere, and changed us all to healthy human beings; it broke into the Nirvana of day-dreams in which I passed my life, with health and wealth and fame for companions, and

made me a wholesome human being for the evening. We all had wits, I suppose, and aired them pretty freely, but they mostly stung, and the green riddle-book was the best. Where do such books go to? They are put away very carefully at the time by some sister or old nurse, who breaks her heart as she touches each object, and then they vanish into space through the locked cupboard doors.

It was during my second term at Oxford that I heard of the child's illness; heard of several doctors being called in, winding up with Sir William Jenner and Sir John Williams, to find out what was the matter, and each giving the illness some different but serious name. She was put under Sir John Williams's charge at last, and late in the summer came home a recognized invalid. I was ill myself, too, having had one of my usual operations at Oxford in July, and came home cross, tired, and complaining, having only managed to scrape through Mods because (I suspect) "Bobby" Ewing, kindest-hearted and sternest-countenance of examiners, prompted me in *vidē vocē*, owing to my very obvious pain. We were a curious pair of invalids, one exacting and selfish, full of laments, bad temper, and exaggeration of every little ill; the other perfectly silent in much more real suffering, gay, grateful, and sweet-tempered always. I remember how, on a little plot of grass near a summer-house, two seats used to await us every day, one a long, ordinary couch, the other a square-mattressed hammock, swung under awning-covered poles. Both were, of course, littered with cushions and very comfortable, but naturally one's mood varied each day between lying and sitting, and at whatever hour I came out of my room, it was nearly always to find the child sitting on a bench in the summer-house waiting for me to take my choice between

the two seats. As we both got better, one sick-nurse looked after both of us, and later on our friend Knight, most kind and loyal of "nursery" nurses, took charge. With both of these, also, it was the accepted thing that my whims had to be attended to first. The child taught herself, in a short time, really to believe that I wanted the chief part of the attention, and herself only the odds and ends of it; and once when an uncle who was known to be "good for" tips came over from Apedale to see her, she sent him away up to my room almost, as he said, with indignation at the idea that she would want any attention. . . .

Every little detail of such self-abnegation crowds back into one's mind to-day to form a whole picture of a purely unselfish life, and preach sermons which no books can teach, which even one great act of self-devotion cannot so forcibly impress. A lesson learnt long ago through hours, days, months, and only realized now, is made much more forcible by its long duration and long incubation. No imagination-striking deed of heroic self-sacrifice can equal in its effect on our moral nature that quiet, hourly self-surrender whose essence is simplicity—that simplicity which here, as elsewhere, is the result of perfect organization and strongest effort. Strongest effort above all!—for, as we who benefit by the self-sacrifice need to be so often reminded, no man, woman or child finds any pleasure in giving up comfort; renunciation and pain, though they may be borne willingly for Christ's sake, are pain and renunciation still. And when our friends renounce with a gay laugh and a few light words, the very perfection of unselfishness has been reached, for if the effort of giving up is hard, the hardest struggle of all is to hide the effort. Is the struggle worth while? To my dull, worldly brain, watching

life from nursery, school, beds, sofas, Oxford rooms, race-course stands, and London and Paris lodgings, it seems worth more to yourself and others than anything else in the world. The last teaching of life, the innermost writing in the innermost adytum of human knowledge is surely that nothing worth winning, from a child's love down to a million pounds, is to be won without self-sacrifice, and that such self-sacrifice is learnt chiefly by example. But perhaps my admiration for it is merely selfish. As an angrily-sobbing little maiden said to me once: "Reggie says, 'To err is human, to f-forgive d-divine'; but it seems to m-me he always w-wants to be human himself and m-me to be d-d-divine;" and maybe that I, like the domineering Reggie, have my own reasons for liking other people to be divine. Yet I think that comprehension of and admiration for unselfishness (if you have at least the saving grace of being able to see it at all) creeps on you bit by bit and remains with you always. There comes, maybe, at last, a little envy, perhaps even some desire to try what that life for others is like; though what will happen when you find out what it is like, no man can say. The child-teacher cannot help you far on then.

We all moved up to London, to a house in Upper Brook Street, for the following winter, and probably the frogs and numerous miseries of London were more than counterbalanced to the little invalid by the kindness and attention of Sir John Williams and the numerous girl-friends who could come in and chatter of books and weddings, of love, tea-parties and frocks, hearing some secrets and inventing more. The strain of life here became for certain reasons rather severe, and she went away to stay with Mrs. Clarke, the former hostess of Longton Rectory, at whose house

her mind and body could always float at serenest ease, tended by lavishly poured-out love, brains, wit and skill. Then, after a visit to a relative at Southend, came a return to New Park for the summer, her sixteenth birthday, and finally a return, first to Ealing, and then to London, to be more closely under Sir John Williams's care. In October came, for certain reasons, a change for the worse, and then the end. It was early one morning, as the nurse (not her dear friend Knight, who had unwillingly and perforce given up her place to a sick nurse) was drawing the curtains, that a murmur came from the little patient: "I think I must be dying. I had better say my prayers." And so went one more soul "out of great tribulation" to its place in the children's home. . . . "After the fever of life"—do you remember the September evening, my dear, when you sat wondering over that marvellous vision of Newman's?—"after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy

Fortnightly Review.

state, at length comes rest, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision. . . . Twice since then, in the chloroform-haze, after some tiresome operation, you have come and stood by me, and on your lips and in your eyes the reminder of these promised beatitudes. Yet, somehow, I do not think that I care about them now so very much. The journey to the edge of that dark gulf, and even the crossing of it, have lost half their terror now that you and Norman are on the other side.

Non omnis moriar if dying, I live on to make fainting hearts strong, to hold up the lamp of faith, courage and resolution before weak, wandering footsteps. *Non omnis moriar* if my example shall shine out over a waste of years to light some tumbling, blundering boat through the rocks and shallows: if the memory of my strong love and hope shall stretch across a decade and smooth some stony path for sore, tired feet; if even a score of people are the better for my having lived, and no human being the worse. Is that, I wonder, the real answer to that prayer for fame?

Edward H. Cooper.

THE GREAT MAN THEORY OF PROGRESS.*

In one of the liveliest and most piquant of his essays, Professor James makes merry over Mr. Herbert Spencer's teaching concerning "Great Men and Their Environment." Remarking on the platitude that a complete acquaintance with any one thing would require a knowledge of the whole universe, he says that not a sparrow falls to the ground but some

of the conditions of its fall are to be found in the milky way, in the constitution of the United States, and in the early history of Europe. If any of these had been different, the whole universe would, so far forth, be different from what it now is.

One fact involved in the difference might be that the particular little street boy who threw the stone which

* 1. *Aristocracy and Evolution*. By W. H. Mallock. London: A. and C. Black. 1898.

2. *The Will to Believe and other Essays in*

Popular Philosophy. By William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. London: Longmans. 1897.

brought down the sparrow might not find himself opposite the sparrow at that particular moment; or, finding himself there, he might not be in that particular serene and disengaged mood of mind which expressed itself in throwing the stone. But, true as all this is, it would be very foolish for any one who was enquiring into the cause of the sparrow's fall to overlook the boy as too personal, proximate, and, so to speak, anthropomorphic an agent, and to say that the true cause is the federal constitution, the westward migration of the Celtic race, or the structure of the milky way.

And yet, as both Professor James and Mr. Mallock maintain, "Mr. Spencer's sociological method is identical with that of one who would invoke the zodlac to account for the fall of the sparrow." His thought is too cosmical. He deals in generalizations so vast as to be practically useless in solving the problems which arise in the course of history. In common with most contemporary sociologists, whether individualist or socialist, he regards each society of men as an aggregate of approximately equal units. This, says Mr. Mallock, is the great reason of the practical ineffectiveness of his social philosophy, and of the social philosophy of the time. The problems with which, as practical men, we have to deal, arise, not from conflicts between different social aggregates, but from the conflicts between the various parts of which those aggregates are composed. For speculative purposes, it may be sufficient to study the phenomena presented by social aggregates in themselves and in their relations to each other; but, for practical purposes, we need to study the differences between the groups and classes which make up the aggregate. In particular, we need to study those great inequalities of natural capacity and social position out of which our current conflicts spring. Mr. Mallock, in this volume,

as in his previous works on "Social Equality" and "Labor and the Popular Welfare," undertakes to justify these inequalities of position on the ground that they spring from natural inequalities and are essential to progress. Broadly speaking, his present effort may be described as a defence of the classes in the interests of the masses.

The title of the volume is a little misleading. By aristocracy is meant, not the rule of the nobility, but the rôle of the exceptional man; and by evolution is meant progress of a special kind. According to Mr. Mallock, progress is of two kinds. There is the progress which is the result of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. There is also the progress which is the result of the action of exceptional men. In other words, progress is not one movement, but two, the one exceedingly slow, the other exceedingly rapid; the one marked by "the preponderating reproduction of individuals slightly above the average," the other arising from the exertions of men who are superior to their contemporaries, and are able markedly to influence their own generation. It is with the rapid movement alone that the practical sociologist is concerned; hence, for him, the exceptional man, or, as Mr. Mallock calls him, in a sense to be afterwards defined, "the great man," not the fittest, is the important factor. The fittest men, by surviving, raise the general level of the race and promote progress only in this way; the great man promotes progress by being superior to his contemporaries. The survivor in the struggle for existence contributes to the improvement of the race by living whilst others die; the man of exceptional ability promotes progress by helping others to live.

Social progress, then, is not a single movement, but the joint result of two, the one effected by a process of

natural selection as the result of the struggle for existence, the other by the agency of exceptionally gifted men. These two movements differ from each other quite as much as the two movements of the earth—around the sun and around its axis—the one set of changes, as already intimated, being slow, like the succession of the years, the other rapid, like the quick succession of the days.

The general rise in capacity which distinguishes the modern civilized nations from primitive man, or from the lowest savages of to-day, has been the work of an incalculable number of centuries. It has been so slow that, in many respects, it has been indistinguishable during the course of several thousand years. The great thinkers amongst the ancient Egyptians were not congenitally inferior to the great thinkers of to-day. The brain of Aristotle was equal to the brain of Newton; whilst the masons whose hands constructed the Coliseum and the Parthenon knew as much of their craft as those who constructed the Imperial Institute. But with this slowness in the rise of the general level of capacity, let us compare the progressive results achieved within some short period. Take the past hundred years and consider the progress made in the material arts of life. How the whole spectacle changes! Within that short period, at all events, no one will venture to maintain that the average congenital capacities of our own countrymen have been enlarged. We are not wittier than Horace Walpole, more polite than Lord Chesterfield, more shrewd and sensible than Dr. Johnson; whilst it is easy to see, by reference to those trades, such as the building trades, which science and invention have done comparatively little to alter, that the natural efficiency of the average workman is no greater than in the days of our great-grandfathers. And yet, during that short period, what an astounding progress has taken place! To sum it up in a bald economic formula, whilst the capacities of the average Englishman have remained almost altogether stationary, the economic productivity per head of the population of this

country has during the past century trebled, and more than trebled, itself.

In order to understand Mr. Mallock's contention that this astounding progress has been effected by exceptional men, and that the mass have contributed little or nothing, it must be borne in mind that one of his chief aims in all his economic writings, is to ascertain the part played by the two main factors in production, Labor and Ability. The fundamental difference between these two forms of human exertion is that

Labor is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which begins and ends with each separate task it is employed upon, whilst Ability is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which is capable of affecting simultaneously the labor of an indefinite number of individuals, and thus hastening or perfecting the accomplishment of an indefinite number of tasks.

Capital is "congealed ability." It is the result of previous exertion in the direction and organization of labor, and it is the instrument of further production. The "great man," in Mr. Mallock's sense, is the man of ability, the man who influences others so as to promote progress. He is not necessarily a saint, or a hero, or a genius, nor need he be superior to his fellows in all his powers; all he needs in order to "greatness," in this technical sense, is the ability to help and to induce others to do that which they would not otherwise be able or disposed to do. Greatness as an agent of progress is quite compatible with mediocrity in intellect and character. It is measured by the results produced. It has nothing to do with what a man is, except in so far as what he is enables him to do what he does. A brilliant intellect or a lofty imagination is often a hindrance to practical efficiency. The inventor by himself is often helpless. He has to ally himself with a

man of business to become a social force. It is the man who makes the capital at his disposal or the invention he employs efficient in producing specific results in the direction of social progress—that is the great man in our author's view.

When we say that a man is great we mean that he is exceptionally efficient in producing some particular result—in commanding armies, or in managing hotels, or in conducting public affairs, or in cheapening and improving the manufacture of this or that commodity; and when we say that such and such a man possesses the quality of greatness to such and such a degree we mean that he produces results of a given kind, which are in such and such a degree better or more copious than results of the same kind which are produced by other people.

... Progress of an appreciable kind. In any department of social activity and achievement, takes place only when, and in proportion as, some men who are working to produce such and such a result are more efficient in relation to that class of result than the majority; or, conversely, if a community contained no man with capacities superior to those possessed by the greater number, progress in that community would be so slow as to be practically non-existent.

The great man, whether in peace or war, attains his ends by precisely the same means—by organizing and directing the actions of other men, by issuing his commands and securing their obedience. Mr. Spencer admits that a primitive society, if it is to succeed in war, must have a great leader to direct it; but this it just as needful in the peaceful paths of civilized society. The compositors who put into type the words "homogeneity" and "the Unknowable" from Mr. Spencer's manuscript, were acting under Mr. Spencer's orders just as really as were the Guards at Waterloo who charged the French at the bidding of Wellington. When an inventor desires to make his invention useful in business or in industry, he is obliged to secure

the services of a number of men who act under his orders in a similar way. A great contractor is like a great commander, and so is every other "captain of industry;" and

one of the most important, as it is one of the rarest, faculties required for maintaining a complicated civilization like our own, is the faculty by which, given a number of tasks, one man governs a number of men in the act of co-operatively performing them.

In the economic sphere there are two ways in which men of ability may obtain a control over the productive actions of other men: one is by means of slavery, the other by means of the capitalistic wage system. Both slavery and wages are contrivances by which the exceptional few may secure the obedience of the ordinary many. They differ solely in this, that the one secures obedience by working on men's fears; the other by working on their hopes, desires and wills. The wage-system does not represent capital as such, but capital in the form of the means of subsistence owned or controlled by a small number of persons; and its efficiency as a productive agent resides in the bargain which it enables the exceptional man to make with ordinary workers to act in accordance with his directions. It is the method of inducement. The only other method is the coercive method of slavery. Curiously enough, this fact is not denied by the more thoughtful of contemporary socialists. They are coming to perceive that ability is as important a factor in production as labor, and they propose to transfer the ownership of capital to the state, and to substitute for private employers a hierarchy of state officials. For all the citizens alike (according to the preface to the American edition of the "*Fabian Essays*") an equal provision for maintenance is to be made, irrespective of their relative specific services.

The rendering of such services, on the other hand, instead of being left to the option of the citizen, with the alternative of starvation, would be required under one uniform law or civic duty, precisely like other forms of taxation or military service.

This might, as Mr. Mallock says, be an escape from capitalism, but it would be

an escape into complete slavery. For the very essence of the position of the slave, as contrasted with the wage laborer, so far as the direction of his productive actions is concerned, is that he has not to work as he is bidden in order to gain his livelihood, but that, his livelihood being assured to him, he has to work as he is bidden in order that he may avoid the lash or some other form of punishment; and amongst all the more thoughtful socialists there is now a consensus of admission that the socialistic state would necessarily have in reserve the severest pains and penalties for the idle and the careless and the disobedient.

In porportion as the wage-system is departed from, the system of slavery is and must be introduced.

Passing from the means of exercising industrial control, Mr. Mallock proceeds to consider how the most efficient men of ability secure this control. They do this by successfully competing against the less efficient members of their class. Progress depends on the struggle that is continually going on for supremacy and domination within the limits of the exceptional minority. In the domain of industry and commerce the standard of efficiency is the acceptability to the public of the goods or services the great man offers them. If he pleases the public, he prospers and prevails; if he does not please them, the public pass him by and he succumbs to the rival whose goods or services they prefer. There would be the same struggle under a Collectivist régime. The only difference would be as to the

means by which the fittest director is placed in power and the less fit deprived of it—an official body deciding the matter in the one case, and the mass of the consuming public deciding it in the other. The law of demand would dominate in either case, and the question is under which system the demand would be met most economically and efficiently. Under Collectivism, the directors of labor could only prove their efficiency as they do at present by practical experiment. The state would need to

invest them with quasi-military power over so many regiments of laborers for such and such a time, which power would be renewed if they could persuade the state to re-appoint them, or taken from them if the state should be persuaded that some other men, their rivals, would employ this power more usefully.

You cannot escape from struggle and rivalry under any system of production, and Mr. Mallock gives strong reasons for the supposition that the system of industrial coercion advocated by collectivist socialists would not merely be out of harmony with modern sentiment, but an exceedingly clumsy, wasteful and arbitrary instrument of competition. The present system works, at all events, and works with fairly equitable results. The great masses of the employed profit most when this competitive struggle amongst employers is the keenest. When two masters are running after one man his wages usually rise. It is only where two men are running after one master that their wages fall. And, of course, in a progressive country, where the population is rapidly increasing, there always tends to be more hands than profitable work. There is always a struggle, therefore, to find remunerative employment comparable to the Darwinian struggle for existence; and for the higher kinds of

work the struggle is very keen. But this is not the struggle to which progress is due.

The struggle which produces economic progress—and progress of every kind is produced in the same way—is not a general struggle which pervades the community as a whole; neither is it a struggle between the majority and an exceptionally able minority, in which both classes are struggling for what only one can win, and in which the gain of one involves the loss of the other; but it is a struggle which is confined to the members of the minority alone, and in which the majority play no part as antagonists whatsoever. It is not a struggle amongst the community generally to live, but a struggle amongst a small section of the community to lead, to direct, to employ the majority in the best way; and this struggle is an agent of progress because it tends to result, not in the survival of the fittest man, but in the domination of the greatest man.

The workers are as much interested in the maintenance of this competitive struggle amongst employers as the employers themselves; for not only does it, as a rule, inflict no injury on themselves, but to it that progress in the processes of production is due on which their hopes, as much as the hopes of their employers and the rest of the community, depend. It is one of the most patent facts of modern industrial history that

along with the vast increase in wealth which the ablest employers have, by their struggle with rivals, secured for their own enjoyment, there has been, not a corresponding diminution, but a corresponding increase, in the means of subsistence that have gone to the population generally.

The question for the whole community, for every civilized community is—and it is a vital question—how can this fruitful rivalry be stimulated and maintained? How can men of exceptional ability be enabled and induced

to exercise their powers? How can it be discovered whether men possess these rare and precious gifts—of leadership of enterprise, of management, invention, influence? It can only be discovered by experiment, and men will only make the experiment under the influence of some adequate motive. What is an adequate motive to exertion of exceptional industrial ability? The pleasure of excelling? Joy in creative work? The approbation of others? The happiness of doing good? The prospect of wealth, with all that wealth can bring, of pleasure, honor, ease and influence to the man himself and to his family?

For elaborate and reasoned answers to these and kindred questions, and for an opportune and luminous, but not quite convincing, dissertation on "equality of educational opportunity" and on "inequality, happiness and progress," as well as for most interesting essays and excursions on minor but subsidiary topics, the reader must reluctantly be referred to Mr. Mallock's vigorous and absorbing book. The rest of our space is needed for an outline of his answer to Mr. Spencer's famous critique on the Great Man Theory and to those who use that critique in support of Socialism.

The case against the great man, as stated by Mr. Mallock in the language of Mr. Spencer, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Sidney Webb, is analyzed by him into four arguments, to two of which, as being the most plausible and prevalent, he devotes the strength of his dialectic. In both these arguments "the distinctly exceptional character of the great man is assumed, or at all events is not denied, but it is represented as being, if it exists, not properly the great man's own." He is not therefore entitled to any exceptional reward. The first argument refers that character to the great man's social inheritance and en-

vironment; the second to his line of ancestors, from whom he inherits his exceptional capacities, "which capacities his ancestors acquired by being members of society, and of which it is accordingly contended society is the source."

To these arguments it is answered first, in general, that, in a remote and speculative sense, they are perfectly true, and indeed almost truisms, but that, for practical purposes, they are either not true at all or altogether irrelevant. To invoke them is like calling in the milky way to account for the fall of a sparrow. Without resorting to philosophic hair-splitting or indulging in Hegelian paradox, it is easy to show that the same statement may be true, or not true, according to the nature of the discussion on which it is brought to bear.

If the vast majority of any given population, *e.g.*, vary in height between the limits of five feet six and six feet, the statement that a man's average height is from five feet seven to five feet eight would be a truth most important to producers of ready-made overcoats. But if half the population were two feet high, and half rather more than nine feet, to give the average as something like five feet seven would be for the coat-makers the most absurd misstatement imaginable, and would lead them, if they acted on it, to make garments that would fit nobody.

The relevance or irrelevance of a statement admits of equally easy and homely illustration. Goods when sent by rail have to be sorted according to bulk, weight, fragility, perishability, etc.

In deciding which are to be sent by fast trains and which by slow, the primary question will be that of perishability. When the perishable and non-perishable have been separated, and they are being placed on the trains allotted to them, the primary questions will be those of shape, weight, and fragility. But so long as the preparatory

separation is in progress, to assert that the goods possess any of these latter characteristics will be wholly irrelevant, no matter how true. . . . Each characteristic, and every classification based on it, will be either relevant or irrelevant, full of meaning or meaningless, according to what question, out of a considerable series, has to be answered at the moment by the officials who superintend the business.

In like manner, arguments which, though true to the speculative philosopher, and apposite to the point he aims to prove, may have no meaning for a practical man and no relevance to the problems he desires to solve. This is notably the case with respect to the arguments before us.

With respect to the argument that the great man owes his faculties to his ancestors, and through his ancestors to the society which helped to develop his ancestors, it is obvious that this, though a speculative truism, leads to the utmost absurdities if we apply it to practical life. For

If the inferior competitors who were beaten by the great man's ancestors are to be credited with having helped to produce the talents by which they were themselves defeated, and must therefore be held to have had a claim on the wealth which these talents produced, which claim has descended to the inferior majority of to-day, the same claim might be advanced by any weaker nation which, after a series of battles, succumbs to the stronger

The French might say to the Germans,

"by fighting with us you developed the powers by which you overcame us; your strength therefore in reality, belongs to us, and all that it procured for you; therefore, in strict justice, you should hand us back the provinces we helped you to acquire.

In the same way it might be urged that all the idle apprentices of the world, by the warning they have afforded, have stimulated industry,

and that, therefore, they and their like have a claim on the earnings of the industrious.

But for the fact that reasonings such as these are at the bottom of much of the popular socialistic rhetoric of the day we should be ashamed to dwell on such transparent sophistries. "Fantastic puerilities," Mr. Mallock calls them, and yet he feels it to be necessary to expose them and attack them with a vast variety of weapons from his well-stored armory. He shows how fatalistic is the socialistic and Spencerian argument. If the great man owes his greatness to society, the idle man owes his idleness to the same source, and the stupid man his stupidity, and the dishonest man his dishonesty. The doctrine strikes at the root of all morality. If a man's character and conduct are the results of heredity and environment alone, he cannot be accountable for his actions. He cannot justly be rewarded for his virtues or punished for his crimes. But it is in the field of economics that the battle is now being fought. With copious illustration and with cogent argument, Mr. James and Mr. Mallock show that if the great man who produces an exceptional amount of wealth can, with justice, claim no more than the average man who produces little, because the great man is the product of society past and present, then the idle man may, with equal justice, claim as much wealth as either, for his idleness (and every other form of economic incompetence) is equally the product of society.

With equal cogency both these brilliant writers argue against the assertion that most of the achievements of the great man depend on past achievements and discoveries, and that he adds little to what has been already done. This is Mr. Spencer's main contention. The great man owes his

greatness chiefly to the fact that he inherits the fruits and achievements of civilization. "A Laplace, for instance," he says, "could not have got very far with the '*Mécanique Céleste*' unless he had been aided by the slowly developed system of mathematics, which we trace back to its beginnings amongst the ancient Egyptians." Shakespeare could never have written his dramas but for the "multitudinous conditions of civilized life." True to the point of truism! But it is equally true that, but for Shakespeare, the conditions of civilized life, however multitudinous, would never have produced his plays. The question is how to account for Shakespeare and his works. How was it that the Elizabethan age did not produce a hundred Shakespeares? How is it that there are no Shakespeares now, when the conditions of civilized life have become a thousandfold more multitudinous and favorable? The fact is, as Mr. Mallock shows, that while all men inherit the past, they inherit it in widely different degrees.

They inherit the knowledge of the past only according to the degree in which they acquire it; the language of the past only according to their skill in manipulating it; the inventions of the past only according to their skill in reproducing and using them.

Shakespeare's contemporaries had the same environment and the same national antecedents that he had, but they were not able to do what he did. The introduction of the past into the question is a far-fetched irrelevance and leaves the differences between the great man and others undiminished. If the ordinary man does anything, the exceptional man does more, and he is just as really the cause of the progress that is attributed to him as the ordinary man is of the things and actions that are attributed to him. "Therefore," to let Mr. Mallock close this

most imperfect outline of his argument,

If the ordinary man does any of the things that he seems to do, and causes any of the events he seems to cause—if he ploughs the farm that he seems to plough, and lays the bricks that he seems to lay—indeed, we may add, if he eats the dinners that he seems to eat—the great man in a precisely simi-

London Quarterly Review.

lar sense is the cause of those changes that he seems to cause. Hence, of these changes he is, for the practical sociologist, not merely the proximate initiator, whose action and peculiarities may be neglected, but a true and primary cause, on which the attention of the sociologist must be concentrated; and just as in action it is impossible to do without him, so in practical reasoning it is impossible to go behind him.

THE STORY OF RAM SINGH.*

The night was intensely still. The dawn-wind had not yet come to rustle and whisper in the trees; the crickets had not yet awakened to scream their greeting to the morning sun; the night-birds had gone to their rest, and their fellows of the day had not yet begun to stir on branch or twig. Nature, animate and inanimate alike, was hushed in the deep sleep which comes in this torrid land during the cool hour before the dawn, and the stillness was only emphasized by the sound of furtive, stealthy steps and cautious words whispered softly under the breath. The speakers were a band of some fifty or sixty ruffians; Malays from the Tembeling Valley of Pahang, clothed in ragged, dirty garments; long-haired, rough-looking disreputables from the wilder districts of Trengganu and Kelantan and Besut, across the mountain range; and a dozen truculent, swaggering Pahang chiefs, rebels against the government, outlaws in their own land, beautifully and curiously armed, clothed in faded silks of many colors, whose splendor had long been dimmed and stained by the dirt and dampness of the dank jungles in which their owners had

found a comfortless and insecure hiding-place.

A score of small dug-outs were moored to the bank at a spot where the cocoanut trees fringing the water's edge marked an inhabited village. The gang of rebels was broken up into little knots and groups, some in the boats, some on the shore, the men chewing betel-nut, smoking palm-leaf cigarettes, and talking in grumbling whispers. They had had a very long day of it. The mountain range which divides Kelantan from Pahang had been crossed on the previous afternoon; and save for a brief night's rest, the marauders had been afoot ever since. Ever since the dawn broke they had been making their way down the Tembeling River, forcing any natives whom they met to join their party; taking every precaution to prevent word of their coming from reaching the lower country for which they were bound; paying off an old score or two with ready knife and blazing fire-brand; and loudly preaching a *Sabil Allah* (Holy War) against the Infidel in the name of Ungku Saiyid. The latter is the last of the saints of the Peninsula, a man weak and wizened

*The facts narrated in this story occurred, exactly as they are here set down, in June, 1894, upon the occasion of the last futile attempt of

the Pahang rebels to disturb the peace of this state.

of body, but powerful and great of reputation, who sends forth others to do doughty deeds for the Faith, while he lives in the utter peace and seclusion of the little shady village of Palah near Kuala Trengganu.

An hour or two before midnight the raiders reached a spot about three-quarters of a mile above the point where the Tembeling River falls into the Pahang, and here a halt was called. The big native house, surrounded by groves of fruit and coconut trees, was the property of one Che' Bujang, and no other dwellings were in the immediate vicinity. Che' Bujang was a weak-kneed individual, who never had enough heart to be able to make up his mind whether he was a rebel himself or not; but he claimed kinship with half the chiefs of the raiding party, and he was filled to the throat with a shuddering fear of them all. The principal leaders among the rebels landed when Che' Bujang's *kampung* was reached, leaving the bulk of their followers squatting in the boats and on the water's brink, and made their way up to their relative's house. Che' Bujang received them with stuttering effusion, his words tripping off his frightened tongue and through his chattering teeth in trembling phrases of welcome. The visitors treated him with scant courtesy, pushing him and his people back into the interior of the house. Then they seated themselves gravely and composedly round the big ill-lighted room, and began to disclose their plans.

They were a curious group of people, these raiders, who, with their little knot of followers, had dared to cross the mountain range to batter the face of the great Asiatic god Pax Britannica. The oldest, the most infirm, the most wily, and the least courageous, was the ex-Imaum Prang Indera Gajah Pahang, commonly called To'

Gajah, a huge-boned, big-fisted, coarse-featured Malay of Sumatran extraction, as the scrubby fringe of sparse, wiry beard encircling his ugly face bore witness. Before the coming of the White Men, this man had been a terror in the land of Pahang. The peasants had been his prey; the high-born chiefs had been forced to bow down before him; the king had leaned upon him as upon a staff of strength; and his will, cruel, wanton, and unscrupulous, had been his only law. The White Men had robbed him of all the things which made life valuable to him, and though he had held up his hand to the last, doing all in his power to make others run the risks that in the end he might reap the benefit, his fears had proved too strong for him, and he had turned rebel eventually because he could not believe that Englishmen would be likely to act in good faith where he knew that he would, in similar circumstances, have had recourse to treachery. He had suffered acutely in the jungles whither he had fled, for his body was swelled with dropsy and rotten with disease; and who shall say what floods of hatred and longings for revenge surged up in his heart as he sat there in the semi-darkness of Che' Bujang's house, and gloated over the prospects of coming slaughter?

To' Gajah's three sons, the three who, out of his odd score of children, had remained faithful to their father in his fallen fortunes, were also of the party. They were Mat Kilau, Awang Nong, and Teh Ibrahim, typical young Malay roisterers, truculent, swaggering, boastful, noisy, and gayly-clad. They had no very fine record of bravery to point to in the past, but what they lacked in this respect they made up in lavish vaunts of the great deeds which it was their intention to perform in the future.

The foremost fighting chief of the

band was the Orang Kaya Pahlawan of Semantan, who was also present. A thick-set, round-faced, keen-eyed man of about fifty years of age, he was known to all the people of Pahang as a warrior of real prowess, a scout without equal in the Peninsula, and as a jungle-man who ran the wild tribes of the woods close in his knowledge of forest-lore. When the devil entered into him, he was accustomed to boast with an unfettered disregard for accuracy which might have caused the shade of Ananias to writhe with envy, but the deeds which he had really done were so many and so well-known that he could afford for the most part to hold his peace when others bragged of their valor. His son Wan Lela, a chip of the old block, who had already given proofs of his courage, sat silently by his father's side.

The last of the Pahang chiefs to enter the house was Mamat Kelubi, a Semantan man who, from being a boatman in the employ of a European mining company, had risen during the disturbances to high rank among the rebels, and now bore the title of Panglima Kiri, which has something of the same meaning as brigadier-general. He was a clean-limbed, active fellow of about thirty years of age, and he stated that he had just returned from Kayangan (fairylane), where he had been spending three months in fasting and prayer, a process which had had the happy result of rendering him invulnerable to blade and bullet. Three weeks later he was shot and stabbed in many places by a band of loyal Malays, which can only be accounted for by the supposition that the fairy magic had gone wrong in one way or another.

To' Gajah spoke when all were seated, and Che' Bujang then learned that an attack was to be made just before dawn upon the small detachment of Sikhs stationed in the big

stockade at Kuala Tembeling. Che' Bujang had been in daily communication with these men, and something like friendship had sprung up between them, but no idea of setting them upon their guard occurred to him. To do so would entail some personal risk to himself, and rather than that he would have suffered the whole Sikh race to be exterminated.

At about three o'clock in the morning the chiefs joined their sleepy followers at the boats. The word was passed for absolute silence, and the dug-outs with their loads of armed men were then pushed out into mid-stream. The stockade, which was to be the object of the attack, was situated upon a piece of rising ground overlooking the junction of the Tembeling and Pahang Rivers, and at its feet was stretched the broad sand-bank of Pasir Tambang, which has been the scene of so many thrilling events in the history of this Malayan state. The Tembeling runs almost at right angles to the Pahang, and the current of the former sets strongly towards the sand-bank. The chiefs knew this well, and they therefore ordered their people to allow the boats to drift, feeling sure that without the stroke of the paddle the whole flotilla would run aground of its own accord at Pasir Tambang.

The busy eddies of chill wind, which come up before the dawn to wake the sleeping world by whispering in its ear, were beginning to stir gently among the green things with which the banks of the river were clothed. A cicada, scenting the day-break, set up a discordant whirr; a sleepy bird among the branches piped feebly, and then settled itself again with a rustle of tiny feathers; behind Che' Bujang's *kampung* a cock crowed shrilly, and far away in the jungle the challenge was answered by one of the wild bantams; the waters of the

river, fretting and washing against the banks, murmured complainingly. But the men in the boats, floating down the stream, borne slowly along by the current, were absolutely noiseless. The nerves of one and all were strung to a pitch of intensity. Horny hands clutched weapons in an iron grip; breaths were held, ears strained to catch the slightest sound from the stockade, which, as they drew nearer, was plainly visible on the prominent point, outlined blackly against the dark sky. The river, black also, save where here and there the dim starlight touched it with a leaden gleam, rolled along inexorably, carrying them nearer and nearer to the fight which lay ahead, bearing a sudden and awful death to the dozen Sikhs on the stockade.

At last, after a lapse of time that seemed an age to the raiders, the boats grounded one by one upon the sand bank of Pasir Tambang, so gently and so silently that they might have been ghostly crafts blown thither from the Land of Shadows.

The Orang Kaya Pahlawan landed with Wan Lela, Mat Kilau, Awang Nong, Teh Ibrahim, Panglima Kiri, and a score of picked men at his heels, leaving old To' Gajah and the rest of the party in the boats. Very cautiously they made their way to the foot of the eminence upon which the stockade stood, flitting across the sand in single file as noiselessly as shadows. Then, with the like precautions, they crept up the steep bank until the summit was reached, when the Orang Kaya drew hastily back, and lay flat on his stomach under the cover of some sparse bushes. He and his people had ascended at the extreme corner of the stockade, and he had caught sight of the glint of a rifle-barrel as the Sikh passed down his beat away from him. The raiders could hear the regular fall of the

heavy ammunition-boots as the sentry marched along. Then they heard him halt, pause for a moment, and presently the sound of his foot-falls began to draw near to them once more. Each man among the raiders held his breath, and listened in an agony of suspense. Would he see them and give the alarm before he could be stricken dead? Would he never reach the near end of his beat? Ah, he was there, within a yard of the Orang Kaya! Why was the blow not struck? Hark, he halted, paused, and looked about him, and still the Orang Kaya held his hand! Had his nerve failed him at this supreme moment? Now the sentry had turned about and was beginning to pace away from them upon his beat. Would the Orang Kaya never strike? Suddenly a figure started up against the sky-line behind the sentry's back, moving quickly, but with such complete absence of noise that it seemed more ghost-like than human. A long, black arm grasping a sword leaped up sharply against the sky; the weapon poised itself for a moment, reeled backwards, and then with a thick swish and a thud descended upon the head of the Sikh. The sentry's knees quivered for a moment; his body shook like a steam-launch brought suddenly to a standstill upon a submerged rock; and then he fell over in a limp heap against the wall of the stockade, with a dull bump and a slight clash of jingling arms and accoutrements. In a second all the raiders were upon their feet, and led by the Orang Kaya waving his reeking blade above his head, they rushed into the now unguarded stockade. Their bare feet pattered across the little bit of open which served the Sikhs for a parade-ground, and then, sounding their war-cry for the first time that night, they plunged into the hut in which the Sikhs were sleeping, eleven survivors, inside the hut. The

jangle caused by the fall of the sentry by the gate had awakened two of them, and these threw themselves upon the rebels and fought desperately with their clubbed rifles. They had no other weapons. Their companions came to their aid, and a good oak Snider-butt was broken into two pieces over Teh Ibrahim's head in the fight which ensued, though no injury was done to him by the blow. The rush of the Sikhs was so effectual that they all won clear of the hut, and six of their number escaped into the jungle, and so saved themselves. The remaining three were killed outside the hut, and Kuala Tembeling stockade had fallen into the hands of the raiders. Their greatest enemy, the loyal Imaum Prang Indera Stia Raja, had his village some thirty odd miles lower down the Pahang River, at Pulau Tawar, and, if this place could also be surprised, the best part of Pahang would be in the possession of the rebels, and a general rising in their favor might be confidently looked for. The Orang Kaya and his people knew this, and their hearts were uplifted with triumph, for they saw now that the saint who had foretold victory to their arms had been no lying prophet.

Unfortunately for the rebels, however, all the Sikhs had not been within the walls of the stockade when the well-planned attack was delivered. Sikhs keep very curious hours, and one of their habits is to rise before the dawn breaks, and to go shuddering down in the black darkness of that chilly hour to the river's brink, there to perform the elaborate ablutions which, to the keen regret of our olfactory organs, seem ever to be attended with such lamentably inadequate results. On the morning of the attack, two of the little garrison, Ram Singh and Kishen Singh, had bestirred themselves before their fellows, and were already shivering on the water's edge

when the raiders arrived. It says a good deal for the admirable tactics of the latter, that it was not until the attack had been delivered that the two Sikhs became aware of the approach of their enemies. Suddenly, as they stood, naked, save for their loin-cloths, the great stillness of the night was broken by a tempest of shrill yells. Then came half a dozen shots, ringing out crisply and fiercely, and awakening a hundred clanging echoes in the forest on either bank of the river. An answering cheer was raised by the Malays in the boats, the tumult of angry sound seeming to spring from out of the darkness in front, behind, on every side of the bewildered Sikhs. The thick mist beginning to rise from the surface of the water served to plunge the sand-bank upon which they stood into fathomless gloom. The ears of the two men rang again with the clamor of the fight going on in the stockade, with the shouts and yells of those who shrieked encouragement to their friends from the moored boats, with a clash of weapons, and with the sudden outbreak of the unexpected hubbub. But they could see nothing—nothing but the great inky shadows all about them into which everything seemed to be merged, and from which issued such discordant and fearful sounds.

"Where art thou, Ram-siar, my brother?" cried Kishen Singh despairingly; and a heavy silence fell around them for a moment as his voice was heard by the Malays in the boats. Then the cries of the enemies nearest to the two Sikhs broke out more loudly than before. "'Tis the voice of an infidel!" cried some—"Stab, stab!"—"Kill and spare not, in the name of Allah!"—"Where, where?"—and then came the crisp pattering of many bare feet over the dry, hard sand in the direction from which the Sikh had shouted to his fellow.

"Brother, I am here," cried Ram Singh more quietly, close to Kishen Singh's elbow. "Alas, but we have no arms, and these jungle-pigs be many. We must tear the life from them with our hands. Oh, Guru Nanuk, have a care for thy children in this their hour of need!"

In the dead darkness both men could hear the swish of naked blades on all sides of them, for the Malays were as much baffled by the gloom as were their victims, and men struck right and left on the bare chance of smiting something. Presently the swish of a sword very near to Ram Singh ended suddenly in a sickening thud, the sound of steel telling loudly upon yielding flesh, and Kishen Singh gave a short, hard cough. The unseen owner of the weapon which had gone home raised a cry of *Basah! Basah!* I have wetted him! I have drawn blood!" and a yell of exultation went up from a score of fierce voices. Guided by the noise, Ram Singh threw himself upon the struggling mass, which was Kishen Singh rolling over and over in his death-agony, with the Malays tossing and tumbling, hacking and smiting above him. Ram Singh's left hand grasped a sword-blade, and though the fingers were nearly severed, he managed to wrench the weapon from the grip of the Malay. Then, with a roar as of some angry forest-monster, he charged the spot where the tumult was loudest.

Putting all his weight into each blow, and striking blindly and ceaselessly, he fought his way through the throng in the direction from which the sound of the river purring between its banks was borne to him. The Malays fell back before his desperate onslaught, but they closed in behind him, wounding him cruelly with their swords and daggers and wood-knives, while he in his blindness did them but little injury. None the less, as the

dawn began to break, Ram Singh, bleeding from more than a score of wounds, and with his left arm nearly severed, succeeded at last in leaping into one of the moored boats, and cutting the rope, pushed out into mid-stream. There were three Malays on board the little dug-out, but they quickly slipped over the side, and swam for the shore, deeming this blood-stained, fighting, roaring Sikh no pleasant foe with whom to do battle; and as they went, Ram Singh, utterly spent by his exertions and by loss of blood, slipped down into the bottom of the boat in a limp heap. To' Gajah, furious at the sight of an enemy's escape, danced a kind of palsied quick-step on the sand-bank, cursing his people, and the mothers that bore them, to the fifth and sixth generation, and administering various kicks and blows to such among his followers as he knew would not retaliate in kind. But all this exhibition of bad temper was to no purpose. The excitement of the assault and of the unequal fight in the darkness was over, and the raiders were worn out by the long journey of the preceding day and night. They were very sleepy, and their stomachs cried aloud for rice. The rank and file absolutely declined to give chase until they had eaten and slept their fill; and thus, as the daylight began to draw the color out of the jungle on the river-banks, out of the yellow stretch of sand and the gleaming reach of running water, the dug-out in which the wounded Sikh lay was suffered to drift rocking down the stream until at last it disappeared round the bend a quarter of a mile below the rebel camp.

Ram Singh lay so very still that the raiders may perhaps have persuaded themselves that he was dead; but they should have made sure, for their next move must be down stream, and the success or failure of their enterprise

depended almost entirely upon the village of Pulau Tawar, in which the loyal Imaum Prang Stia Raja lived, being surprised as Kuala Tembeling had been. The rebel chiefs knew this, but it is characteristic of the race to which they belonged that they suffered the whole of their plan of action to be jeopardized rather than take the prompt measures that must have ensured success, because they necessitated a certain amount of immediate trouble and exertion. Ram Singh was also aware of the enormous importance of a warning being carried to Imaum Prang, and, weighed against this, the mere question of saving or losing his own life seemed to him a matter of little moment.

Although he was too weak to stand or to manage the boat, he determined to remain where he was until the current bore him to Pulau Tawar, and then, and not till then, to spread the news of the fall of Kuala Tembeling. He knew enough of Malay peasants to feel sure that no man among them would dare to help him if they learned that the rebels were in the immediate vicinity and that he had received his wounds at their hands. Therefore he decided to keep his own counsel until such time as he found himself in the presence of Imaum Prang. He knew also that he could not rely upon any Malay to pass the word of warning which alone could save Imaum Prang from death, and the whole of Pahang from a devastating little war. Therefore he determined that, dying though he believed himself to be, he must take that warning word himself. He swore to himself that he would not even halt to bind his wounds, nor to seek food or drink. Nothing must delay him, and the race was to be a close one between his own failing strength and inexorable time.

It was a typical Malayan morning. A cool, fresh breeze was rippling the

face of the water, and stirring the branches of the trees. The sunlight was intense, gliding the green of the jungle, deepening the black tints of the shadows, burnishing the river till it shone like a steel shield, and intensifying the dull bronze of the deep pools where they eddied beneath the overhanging masses of clustering vegetation. The shrill thrushes were sending their voices pealing with an infectious gladness through the sweet morning air; the chirp of many birds came from out the heavy foliage of the banks to the ears of the wounded man, and seemed to speak to him of the cruel indifference with which Nature beheld his sufferings. Presently his boat neared a village, and the people crowding to the bathing-huts moored to the shore, cried to him with listless curiosity asking him what ailed him.

"'Tis nought, oh my brothers," Ram Singh returned, in a voice as firm and cheerful as his ebbing strength admitted.

But a woman, pointing with a trembling finger, screamed, "See, there is blood, much blood!" and a child, catching her alarm, lifted up its tiny voice and wept dismally.

"Let be, let be!" whispered an old man cautiously to his fellows. "In truth there is much blood, even as Minah yonder hath said; but let us be wise and have nought to do with such thnigs. Perchance, if we but speak to the wounded man hereafter men will say that we had a hand in the wounding. Therefore suffer him to drift; and for us, let us live in peace."

So Ram Singh was suffered to continue his journey down the stream undisturbed by prying eye or helping hand. The sun rose higher and higher, each moment adding somewhat to the intensity of the heat. By nine o'clock, when but half the weary pilgrimage was done, the waters of the river,

struck by the fierce slanting rays, shone with all the pitiless brilliancy of a burning glass. The color of all things seemed suddenly to have become merged in one blazing white tint, an aching, dazzling glare, blinding the eye and scorching the skin. The river caught the heat and hurled it back to the cloudless sky; the sound of bird and insect died down, cowed by the terrors of the approaching noon-tide; the winds sank to rest; the heat-haze, lean and hungry as a demon of ancient myth, leaped up and danced horribly, with restless, noiseless feet, above yellow sand-spits and heavy banks of greenery; and all the tortured land seemed to be simmering audibly. An open dug-out, even when propelled by strong men at the paddles, so that the pace of the rush through the still, hot air makes some coolness, is under a Malayan sun more like St. Lawrence's gridiron than a means of locomotion; but when it is suffered to drift down the stream at such a rate of motion only as the lazy current may elect to travel, it quickly becomes one of the worst instruments of torture known to man. In the Malay Peninsula men have frequently died in a few hours from exposure to the sun, and this form of lingering death, which is ever ready to a Raja's hand, is perhaps more dreaded than any other. Ram Singh bore all this, and, in comparison, the pain of his seven-and-twenty wounds seemed to sink almost into insignificance. The blood with which he was covered caked in hard, black clots; his stiffening wounds ached maddeningly; the clouds of flies swarmed about him, adding yet one more horror to all that he had to endure; but never for a moment did this brave man forego his purpose of keeping his secret for Imaum Prang himself, and though the fever surged through his blood and almost obscured

his brain, he held steadfastly to the plan which he had formed.

Shortly after noon a sudden collision with some unseen object jarred the Sikh cruelly, and wrung a moan from his lips. A brown hand seized the gunwale of the dug-out, and a moment later a beardless brown face, seamed with many wrinkles, looked down into the boat. The dull, unfeeling eyes wore that bovine expression which is ever to be seen in the countenances of those Malay peasants who can remember the evil days when they and their fellows were as harried beasts of burden beneath the cruel yoke of their chiefs.

"What ails thee, brother?" asked the face, still without any signs of curiosity.

"I have been set upon by Chinese gang-robbers," whispered Ram Singh, lying bravely in spite of his ebbing strength. "Help me to reach the Imaum Prang at Pulau Tawar that I make to him *rapport*."

The instinct of the Malay villager of the old school is always to obey an order, no matter from whose lips it may come. In many places in the Peninsula you may nowadays see some youngster, who has gotten some book-learning and what he represents as a thorough insight into the incomprehensible ways of the White Men, ruling the elders of his village with a despotism that is almost Russian; and the sad-eyed old men run to do his bidding with feet that step unsteadily through the weight of the years they carry, nor dream of questioning his right to command. It is the instinct of the peasantry of this race, as it was wont to be, dying hard in the face of modern innovations.

The man who had hailed Ram Singh did not even think of disputing the Sikh's order, and in a little while the dug-out was racing down stream with the cool rush of air fanning the

fevered cheeks of the wounded man most deliciously. An hour or two later Pulau Tawar was reached, and Imaum Prang, hearing that a Sikh in trouble wished to have speech with him, came down to the water's edge, and squatted by the side of the dug-out.

"What thing hath befallen thee, brother?" he asked, aghast at the fearful sight before him. The dug-out was a veritable pool of blood, and the great fevered eyes of the stricken man stared out at him from a face blanched to an ashen white, more awful to look upon by contrast with the straggling fringe of black beard. The pale lips opened and shut, like the mouth of a newly-landed fish, but no sound came from them; the great weary eyes seemed to be speaking volubly, but, alas, it was in a language to which the chief could find no key. Was the supreme effort which the stricken Sikh had so nobly made to be wasted? For a moment it seemed as though the irony of Fate would have it so; and Ram Singh, deep down in his heart, prayed to Guru Nanuk to give him the strength he lacked that his deed might be suffered to bear fruit. Mightily, with the last remnants of his falling forces, the Sikh fought for speech. He gasped and struggled in a manner fearful to see, till at last the words came, and who shall say at what a cost of bitter agony.

"Dato' . . . the . . . rebels . . ." came the faltering whisper. "The rebels . . . Kuala . . . Tembeling . . . fallen . . . taken . . . many killed . . . make ready . . . against their . . . coming . . . and behold . . . I have brought the word . . . and I die . . . I die . . ." His utterance was choked by a great flow of blood from his mouth, and without a struggle Ram Singh fainted away and lay as one dead.

Imaun was a man of action; he had his people collected and his stockades in a thorough state of defence long before the afternoon began to wane. He was a very old soldier, and he knew as much about Malayan methods of warfare as is good for any man; therefore he fully appreciated the fact that a post prepared for attack is, to all intents and purposes, an insuperable obstacle to the advance of a Malay army. The warriors of these people love an ambush and a stolen fight; but they have little stomach for an assault upon a stockade with men armed and ready for them behind it.

While Imaum Prang was busily engaged in profiting by the warning thus timely brought to him, Ram Singh was tended with gentle hands and soothed with kinds words of pity by the women-folk of the chief's household. He was a swine-eating infidel, it was true, but he had saved them, and all that they held dear, from death, or capture, which is worse than death.

So the rebels were repulsed, and were chased back to the land from whence they had come, and up and down that land, and across and across it, till many had been slain and the rest made prisoners, and at last Pahang might once more sleep in peace. And Ram Singh, who had saved the situation, was sent to hospital in Singapore, where he was visited by the governor of the colony, who came thither in his great carriage to do honor to the simple Sikh private; and when at last he was discharged from the native ward healed of his wounds, a light post in the Pahang Police Office was found for him, where he will serve until such time as death may come to him in very truth. If you chance to meet him, he will be much flattered should you ask him to divest himself of his tunic; and you will then see a network of scars on his brown skin, which will remind you of a raised map

designed to display the mountain-system of Switzerland. He is inordinately proud of them, and rightly so, say I, for which man among us can show such undoubted proofs of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice as this obscure hero?

Hugh Clifford.

Macmillan's Magazine.

GAFFER'S LAST JOURNEY.

The cart is ready. Come. O, is it true?

Gaffer, dear Gaffer, can't you hear me cry?
Must the old place call out instead of you,
"Good-by"?

Ah sure, 'tis only market-day at Shere;
We've only tucked you in all snug to go
With Polly that you've harnessed, Gaffer dear.
No! no!

Never again you'll yoke her at the door!
Never but this once take the market-track!
And O, you'll never, never any more
Come back!

You're all alone, though we trudge on beside
(All of us but poor Pincher), one by one
And Granny often stumbles; yet you ride
Alone.

You need no gaiters though the roads be mire;
Your old blue cloak's at home despite the rain;
We needn't be afraid you'll ever tire
Again.

'Tis market-day, we're all for Shere, and yet
There's not one word among so many souls;
But straight ahead a bell we can't forget
Tolls, tolls.

Stop! Yon's the village. Lay the holly-greens
Upon the lid. Lift him, with bated breath.
Bear him along, and reverence. O, this means
Death.

Gaffer! this change to you that shrank from change,
That liked things every-day not new and odd—
O, do not let him find Heaven very strange,
Please, God!

B. L. Baughan.

"ANNUS MIRABILIS."

"Annus Mirabilis," wrote Dryden, and he wrote of a year that saw De Ruyter defeated by sea and half London burning. Yet, as a matter of fact, in chronological tables of European history the year 1666 hardly figures as notable. The victory at Villa Vicosa in 1665 had secured the independence of Portugal, and the death of Philip IV. made a lull in the wars of Louis XIV. In those days, however, the year was notable or trivial according to the number of events directly relating to a man's own country. Nowadays whoever concerns himself with history in the making takes all the world for his province, and seldom has there come a year more wonderful than this. It has seen every state in Europe, except peaceful Scandinavia and the Dutch communities, face to face with either war or internal dissolution—some of them within measurable distance of both. Yet the greatest effects have not been in Europe; 1898 has seen the United States forced, not by any greed of power, but by its humanitarian ideals, to take its part in European relations. Next in importance to this accession comes a falling off! China has been thrown like a quarry to the armed states of Europe, and the face of the Far East must be strangely altered within the next few years. These two main facts—the rise in the international significance of America and the collapse of China—have brought a host of quick-following consequences. They have led directly to the ruin of Spain, or it may be to her regeneration, but, if so, to a salvation as by fire. They have, according to some politicians, made Russia arbitress of the world's destinies, now that she has free right to extend her dominion to the open waters of the

Pacific and enlist the innumerable yellow race. They have certainly led to the establishment of Germany as a naval power, and they cannot be separated from the boldest attempt yet made to challenge England's naval supremacy—the Russian naval programme—a challenge so promptly answered by Mr. Goshen's supplementary estimates. This, too, has borne its fruit, for who shall say how much this naked revelation of the war which is being waged in time of peace à *grands coups d'argent*—by a desperate contest of expenditure—influenced the Czar's unforeseen rescript urging disarmament upon Europe? Lastly, the events in America and the events in China, taken together and seen in all their bearings, show themselves likely to be parents of a power that may transform the world—a league of the English-speaking races.

It is for the sake of these far-reaching movements begun in it that we would claim for 1898 so sounding a title as "the wonderful year;" but in a smaller sense of the word it has also been *mirabilis*—the year of sensations. January opened with rumors of trouble from China, and with all the sudden jealousies aroused by Germany's pounce upon a fragment of the prey. Within the first week of the month, Kiaochow was definitely ceded; Russia and France were known to be stirring; and a fortnight later Sir Michael Hicks-Beach inflamed public feeling in this country by a discourse in which he spoke of British interests that must be defended, "if necessary, at the cost of war." Early in the same month began the first act in the French drama which has been ever since progressing, and has not yet reached its last scene. M. Zola was

prosecuted for his savage attack upon the headquarters staff, whom he accused of a conspiracy to fix guilt upon an innocent man—Dreyfus. Europe listened intent for some revelation which might endanger the peace between nations, but only saw a court resolute, in defiance of common justice, to enforce the irrevocable character of a single decision; and it saw the driving force in French affairs revealed when a whole posse of generals trooped into court—as we know now, at the suggestion of Colonel Henry—to denounce Dreyfus, and declare that the honor of the army was bound up with the maintenance of the *chose jugée*. Meanwhile, it was known to all interested in the matter that France and England were playing a dangerous game of bluff in West Africa; yet it came with a surprise to the nation when Mr. Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons that French troops had endeavored to expel British from two stations—Wa and Borea—in our Hinterland, and had ordered the Union Jack to be hauled down. This was published in a Saturday's paper, and the insult to the flag instantly roused the fighting spirit. On the following Monday, February 21st, came further news that the French had crossed the Niger into the territories of Sokoto. War seemed inevitable, and even when M. Hanotaux disavowed the proceeding there was little assurance of peace. The best pacificator was the Chinese imbroglio, which diverted men's minds from the West African business. Among all these excitements an attempt to assassinate the King of Greece, which in any other year would have filled the papers for a week, was merely a secondary item of intelligence. March was even more perturbed than February; the Times correspondent at Peking continued to fling bombs, in the shape of telegrams announcing the designs

of Russia and the defeats of British policy. Russia's demand for Port Arthur and Tallienwan was published on March 12th; the West African affair was no nearer settlement; America was arming fast, though the world still doubted of her willingness to abandon the old policy, till the explosion which sunk the "Maine" put an end to all hesitations. And, while all other nations were preparing for a fight, this country was, as usual, actively engaged in war. The Sirdar's army, moving up the right bank of the Nile, was within striking distance of the Dervish advanced force, and on Good Friday the battle of the Atbara was fought. But the habit of success has bred a kind of indifference here to one more victory over Orientals or Africans, and this battle, though a far more serious operation than any undertaken this year, except its successor at Omdurman, did not rouse half the interest felt over the American War. The rush for news in the first few days, the wild placarding of triumphs because some tramp steamer had been ordered to heave to, showed the tension of public curiosity about a modern naval war. Admiral Dewey's destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila gratified the desire for picturesque detail and foreshadowed the end. It was a type of the unequal contest between skill and resources against incompetence and bankruptcy. May was crowded with events. A revolution in Italy, taking the shape of bread riots at Milan, Como and Turin, threatened to unsettle the existing order, and showed to the world one more Latin community tottering. In Austria-Hungary Germans and Slavs were scarcely held off from each others' throats. Spain was haunted with fear of a Carlist rising; and the general preference shown by Europe for the Spanish side, so marked in contrast to

the enthusiasm of this country, filled the air with talk of an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Yet, in the height of all this, a great man died, and for a week England put aside all other thoughts to show honor to the body of Gladstone. Through June and July Spain and America held the stage, and thrilling news was not wanting. One day it was General Shafter's rash advance upon Santiago, heroically carried through by his troops; next was the amazing and imbecile rush of Admiral Cervera to his destruction. This had at least the effect of checking excitement; the war was evidently over; but there was no falling off in the supply of fresh surprises. Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy opened a scandal here which should have made us a trifle more reticent about the soiled linen of our neighbors. Then came the horrible story of the wreck of "La Bourgogne," where men hacked at drowning women. August began with more sensational telegrams from China about Russia's interference with the Newchang concession, and for the twentieth time this year government was urged to show fight. Death was busy too, and Bismarck followed Gladstone. This was after Parliament had ceased to sit; yet there was hardly time to speculate upon the blank that such a man would leave, for events crowded thicker than ever. On August 24th the Czar issued his rescript without the least preparation of the public mind, and France was shaken

The Spectator.

by the news. On August 30th Colonel Henry admitted that he had forged a document cited in condemnation of Dreyfus, and committed suicide. On September 2d the khalifa's power was finally crushed in the great battle at Omdurman. And in the middle of all this the Pall Mall Gazette announced with considerable detail the existence of an Anglo-German agreement. Since then have come pell-mell on one another M. Cavaignac's resignation, a fresh outbreak in Crete, the news that Fashoda is occupied by white men, and the assassination of the empress of Austria—an event which may involve Switzerland in considerable trouble.

Instinctively one asks, What next? Who is to cap the climax? One looks naturally to the German emperor, who may proclaim some new gospel from the Mount of Olives; but the Czar has taken the wind out of his sails. He might, of course, give practical effect to the rescript in the one way possible—by determining on a cession of Alsace and Lorraine, but the stars would fall sooner. Revolution in Spain or Italy is so likely that it is pretty sure not to happen. A projected alliance between Queen Wilhelmina and the German emperor's eldest son would be a startling announcement. But, after all, there is no limit to the license of conjecture. The European concert may do something in Crete, and for sheer unexpectedness that would head the list.

LITERARY HOLBORN.

While these words are being written, the last stones in the archway which a few months ago supported and gave admittance to Furnival's Inn, Holborn,

are being taken down [a week has elapsed and they are gone!]. The keystone bears [bore] the date 1818. Under it Charles Dickens passed, in the flush

of youth, to sign his contract to write the "Pickwick Papers." Here, in his chambers on the third story, the earlier chapters of that work were written. Next door to Furnival's, in pitiful plight, stands, or rather staggers, an inn which Dickens must have loved, the old "Bell and Crown" inn, or Ridler's Hotel. Here, too, the crowbar has been busy. The roof of this comfortable tavern has been torn off; the windows are gaping squares; the old-fashioned wall-papers of its upper rooms are exposed to the weather, and the derision of modern taste; and the dust, rising in clouds, and glittering in the sun, signals the fall of an inn which was a place of rest and quiet breathing. The old "Bell and Crown" was the typical inn of literature: such inns are never replaced. It was to the "Bell and Crown" that Tom Hood's ruralizing Cockney sent back his longing thoughts from Porkington-place:—

Well, the country's a pleasant place,
sure enough, for people that's country
born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way,
for growing our grass and corn.

Howsoever my mind's made up, and
although I'm sure cousin Giles will be
vext,
I mean to book me an inside place up to
town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten,
I shall be at the old "Bell and Crown,"
And perhaps I may come to the country
again, when London is all burnt
down.

It may be remarked that Hood had some warrant for his portrait of a Londoner wistful of Holborn when surrounded by dairy delights. Under Furnival's Inn—not the building just destroyed, but its predecessor—there was a cider vault kept by one John Grey. This man, after years of attendance on his customers, had made a decent fortune, and was able to buy an estate in Yorkshire, to which he retired. But

the rôle of country squire became tedious to him. The merry clatter of hoofs on Holborn was ever in his ears; and finally he returned to London and offered to buy back his old cider cellar. Failing in this, he proposed to become a waiter where he had formerly been master; and he did so, drawing a salary to the day of his death. The story may have haunted Hood's brain.

Opposite to the "Bell and Crown," on the south side of Holborn, the fate of the old "Black Swan" is trembling in the balance. A portion of the building has been acquired, and will be preserved; but the rest may come down. In any case the building will lose much of its familiar appearance. It was built by government to replace the old distillery which figures in "Barnaby Rudge" as the focus of the horrors of the Gordon riots. The mob reached its most frenzied mood in Holborn, and the sight of the distillery unloosed its last reserves of fury. The house was attacked in front, and scores of spirit casks were broached. Dickens's description of the scene is in his most downright vein:—

The gutters of the street, and every crack and fissure in the stones, ran scorching spirit, which, being turned up by busy hands, overflowed the road and pavement, and formed a great pool, in which the people dropped down dead in dozens. They lay in heaps all around this fearful pond, husbands and wives, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, women with children in their arms and babies at their breast, and drank until they died. While some stooped with their lips to the brink and never raised their heads again, others sprang up from their fiery draught, and danced, half in a mad triumph, and half in the agony of suffocation, until they fell and steeped their corpses in the liquor that had killed them. Nor was even this the worst or most appalling kind of death that happened on this fatal night. From the burning cellars, where they drank out of hats, pails, buckets, tubs or shoes, some men were

drawn alive, but all alight from head to foot; who, in their unendurable anguish and suffering, making for anything that had the look of water, rolled, hissing, in this hideous lake, and splashed up liquid fire which lapped in all it met with as it ran along the surface, and neither spared the living nor the dead.

From these tragic memories it is easy to pass to others of a mild and radiant kind; for in Holborn the pickaxe is heard on every hand, and at every blow some memory starts to life. A little farther westward, on the north side of the street, there is a gap from which clouds of engine-smoke roll across the traffic. Here, in Fuller's, or Fulwood's Rents, a shaft of the new electric railway is sunk on the very sight of Squire's and other coffee houses of ripe memory. Several of Addison's Spectators were dated from Squire's; and where the chainnowgrates on its windlass, and the whistle shrieks discordant, the good knight and the Spectator met for quiet talk. Sir Roger's venerable figure drew the eyes of the whole room upon him, and

he had no sooner seated himself at the
The Academy.

upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the Supplement with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniences about him.

Another Spectator memory of Fuller's Rents may be recalled; it has a flavor which will cling to the spot even when the railway begins its carrying work. "This is to give notice," runs an advertisement in the Spectator, "that the three Criticks who last Sunday settled the characters of my Lord Rochester and Boileau, in the Yard of a Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday at the same Time and Place, to finish the merits of several Dramatick Writers, and will also make an end of the Nature of the True Sublime." It is not recorded whether these gentlemen made an end of the Sublime. But Time, the greatest critic of all, is making an end of old Holborn.

TO THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

Children of Shem! Firstborn of Noah's race,
But still for ever children; at the door
Of Eden found, unconscious of disgrace,
And loitering on while all are gone before;
Too proud to dig; too careless to be poor;
Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,
Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,
Nor arguing with Him when He hides His face:
Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way
Of an old wisdom by our world forgot,
The courage of a day which knew not death.
Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay
Pause in our vain, mad fight for life and breath,
Beholding you. I bow and reason not.

Wilfrid Blunt

